Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

2/-
Fortnightly

The Sketch

SKETCH SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including Christmas Number)

Twelve Months . .	Inland & Overseas £3 : 0 : 0 . .	Canada	£2 : 19 : 0
Six Months . . .	" " " £1 : 12 : 0 . .	"	£1 : 11 : 6

From COGNAC
OTARD BRANDY

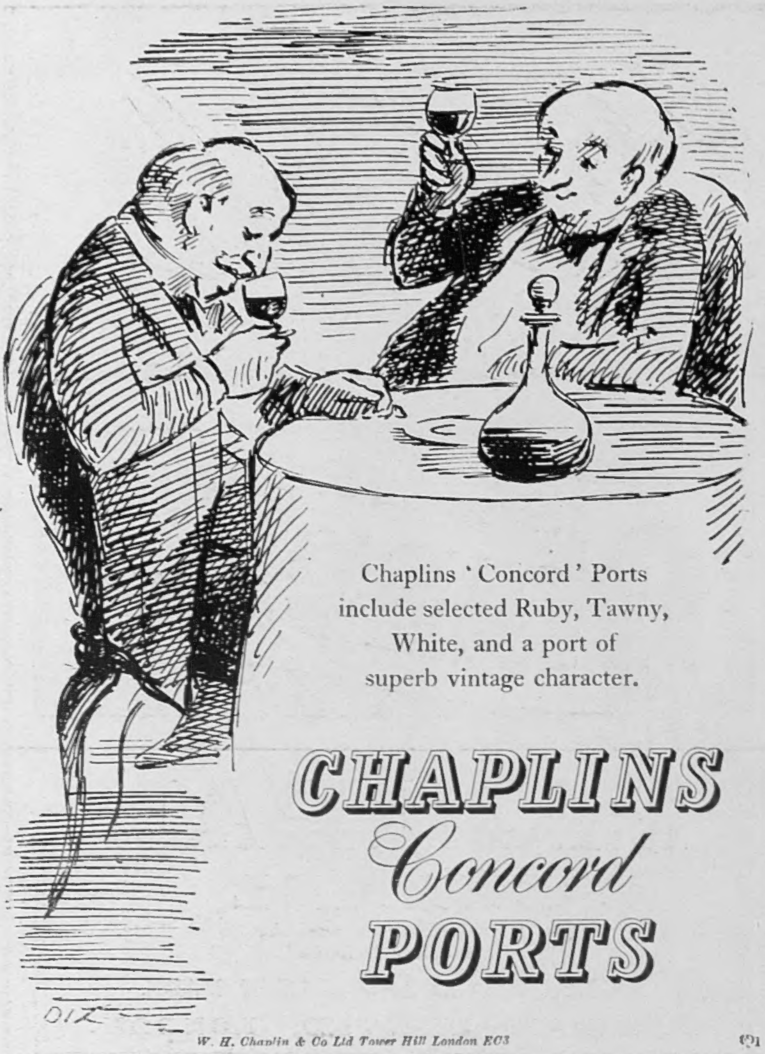
PARIPAN
ENAMEL
"The more you wash it,
the better it looks."
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

By Appointment Cyder makers to
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI. H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Attleborough & London
Gaymer's
CYDER
Preferred by people of good taste

WHAT'S A POLLYHISTOR?
The Oxford Dictionary defines a Polyhistor as a wise man but a POLLYhistor is very wise indeed. He insists on 'POLLY' with his "Scotch".
Apollinaris
Natural Sparkling Water — bottled at the Spring.

Try it for a change... and you'll buy it as a habit
HARDEN'S TEA
THERE IS A BLEND TO SUIT EVERY TASTE
Formerly known as the famous DOCTOR Tea and still blended by Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd., 121 Cannon Street, E.C.4.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.



Always at hand

Each of the 2,100 branches of the Midland Bank, from the smallest to the most important, is linked with the Head Office in London to form a banking organization which covers England and Wales. In whatever part of the country you may be and, indeed, as you move about the country, you need never be out of touch with your bank. This continuity of service is one of the many advantages you enjoy when you open an account with the

MIDLAND BANK

OVER 2,100 BRANCHES TO SERVE YOU

For all social occasions good Scotch Whisky is the best and safest drink, cheering, mellow, and smoothly satisfying. At meals it stimulates appetite and aids digestion. The high traditions of the great distillers of Scotland ensure its purity. So stick to Scotch—and give it a name . . .

Don't be Vague
ask for

Haig

REMEMBER POPPY DAY

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

VOL. MCIIL, No. 252 Schweppshire Post, 1952

BALLET

A new-found holograph of Schschwov, dancing master to the Princess Imperial, reveals the long-lost step " point-mains ", proving that " sur les pointes " originally implied the tip of the index finger.

Small wonder that the *première danseuse* of today, with the long pointed fingernails of 1952, finds this position difficult to maintain.

NEW HAMLET

Denmark à la mode

On the Boulevard Schweppesmann, a novel *Hamlet* to titivate the ever-varied taste of the *gamin à Paris*. By translating back into French the English version of Gide's notes for a French version of *Hamlet*, the elements of Shakespeare's work are silhouetted against a new and startling background. It is clear as never before that the real murderer of Claudius, Hamlet, was usurping the juster claims of the First Gravedigger to succeed to the throne of Denmark.

Was Hamlet Ophelia's Aunt?— is the question which this production dings relentlessly in the mind. So much so that we must ask why is it that never before has Hamlet worn spectacles? Except in the first scene, when Shakespeare specifically tells us that his short-sightedness causes him to be " too much i' the frown ", the symbolism of Hamlet's clearer vision is naturally linked with the Elizabethan vogue for glasses with rims of horn, when Ophelia deliberately describes Hamlet's " glass of fashion ".

The Susschweppes Cork-Necklace.

An Interesting Find

EXCAVATIONS AT SUSSCHWEPPES

Here, with measuring rod in cms. to show relative size, is a string of early corks proving that a palaeoschweppic era did exist; though whether the corks were ever actually made of flint has never actually been proved. Some of these early corks are so rough that it is doubtful whether they were made by the hand of man or nature or what their function, or whence.

During the cress tea which followed the recent outing of the Wescht Schweppshire Archaeological Society, Mr. Geoffrey Coad-Sanderson, secretary, said: " No cork without a bottle ".

Is there a link between the civilisations in this fascinating Susschweppesian treasure and the recently excavated mug handles of the Persian Gulf?

CINEMA

MASTERPIECE AT THE 'FORWARD'

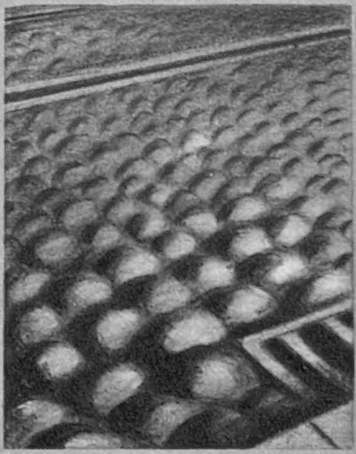
Motobicycletto (English sound-effects) is the simple story of a simple motor bicycle engine and the part which it plays in an ordinary simple community, set amidst the intangible beauties of the Via Latina. I, for one, was deeply moved by this plotless and featureless film of overtones and undertones.

Moses (at the Schweppza Cinema). This film cost twelve million dollars. Verdict: Hi-ya, Mose.

A book of COBELES

Architectural Notes

Our photographer, in this glimpse of a " book " or " sette " of cobbles in the road by the tramlines outside Schwapping Station has caught the natural beauty of intuitive design and instinctively unfettered composition of the untutored roadmaker. We have chosen this picture, taken with an ordinary box camera, because it illustrates also the intuitive beauty of natural design, and the instinctively unfettered roadmaker's untutored composition.



Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

"So you can't do a thing with your hair!"

But what *honestly* do you do for it? An occasional wash and set? Your hair needs cleansing thoroughly, needs nourishing, loves a touch of make-up . . . *Your hair demands the care you give your face.* That is why Steiner has devised a complete beauty routine for the hair. It's simple, effective, inexpensive. Three preparations to use at home, to give your hair the Steiner touch—the salon-perfect look!

CLEANSE WITH S.3.—the first and still the best cream shampoo. Pure, antiseptic, thorough, gentle, protects as it cleanses. 4/9 and 9/-

NOURISH WITH SEBOSYN a non-greasy hair food and setting agent. Gives a professional sheen and 'finish'. Feeds life to hair roots, restores elasticity, conditions and controls. 6/- and 10/-

GLAMORISE WITH STARMIST—the final touch of contrasting colour to highlight your hair. Spray on shimmering brilliance from its own fail-proof spray bottle. Choose from Gold 9 or 22, Sheer Copper, Copper Leaf, Silver Light, Misty Lilac, Pink Orchid, Blue Tone. Handbag size 5/9, Economy Boudoir size 12/6

From good chemists, stores and hairdressers everywhere

By Appointment Hairdressers and Perfumers

HAIR AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS BY Steiner

* *For men and women—Steiner's D.C.L, a wonderful new dandruff control lotion, 7/6*

66 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON W.1. MAYFAIR 5245

BARRIE & KERSEL LTD · HAWICK · SCOTLAND

at
Jacqmar
now

The new Brocades
Wild silk Chiffons
Velvet embossed Nylon
Shaggy coatings

and of course the famous
tweeds and worsteds

Jacqmar

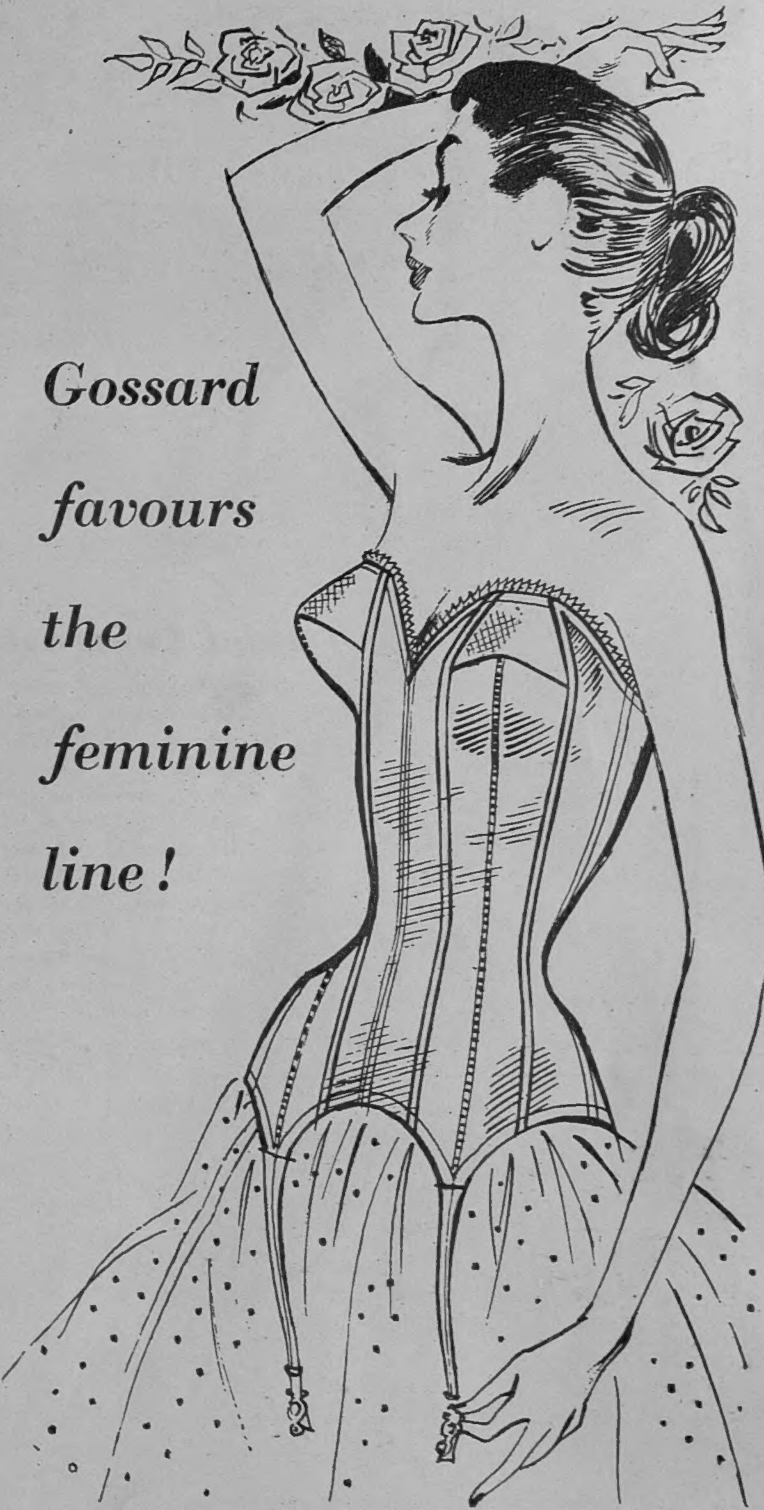
16 Grosvenor Street W.1

By Appointment
Makers of Weatherproof Clothing
to the Late King George VI

Burberry Town Costume in Black Barathea. Modern classic pockets, pencil skirt with concealed wrap-over pleat.

Hat and shoes by Burberry.

BURBERRYS
HAYMARKET · LONDON · S.W.1
Telephone Whitehall 3343
Burberrys Ltd.



Gossard favours the feminine line!

GOSSARD's basque is lightly boned and made of translucent nylon. It gives firm support to any figure of any age, yet it is lightweight too!

Bare shoulder basque 4218 is all nylon with featherlight boning adjustable elastic back and net frill at top. Slims the waist, smooths the midriff—wear it with or without girdle. In peach and white. Sizes 34—40. Price 38/3

There's a GOSSARD stockist in your town.

The Gossard
LONDON · NEW YORK
Line of Beauty

Quiet Contrast

"FAREHAM." Stiffened net over silk, with a net underskirt, makes this filmy skirt float and billow enchantingly. Wear it with the close-fitting velvet top for high fashion! This is one of the many enchanting 'Separates' to be found in our Skirt Department—come and see!

In Black only.

Skirt **9½ gns.**

Top **7½ gns.**

Gorringes OF VICTORIA

VIC 6666

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

THE NEWEST IN GOLD WATCH BRACELETS

Both of these new styles on view at "112" have bracelets with twisted rope effect. In the one above the dial of the watch is very effectively inset in the top of the tassel. **£186**

In the style below the dial is attuned to the design of the bracelet and is set with rubies and diamonds. **£254**

An illustrated catalogue is available and will be sent upon request.

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

incorporating GARRARD & CO.

112 Regent Street London W.1

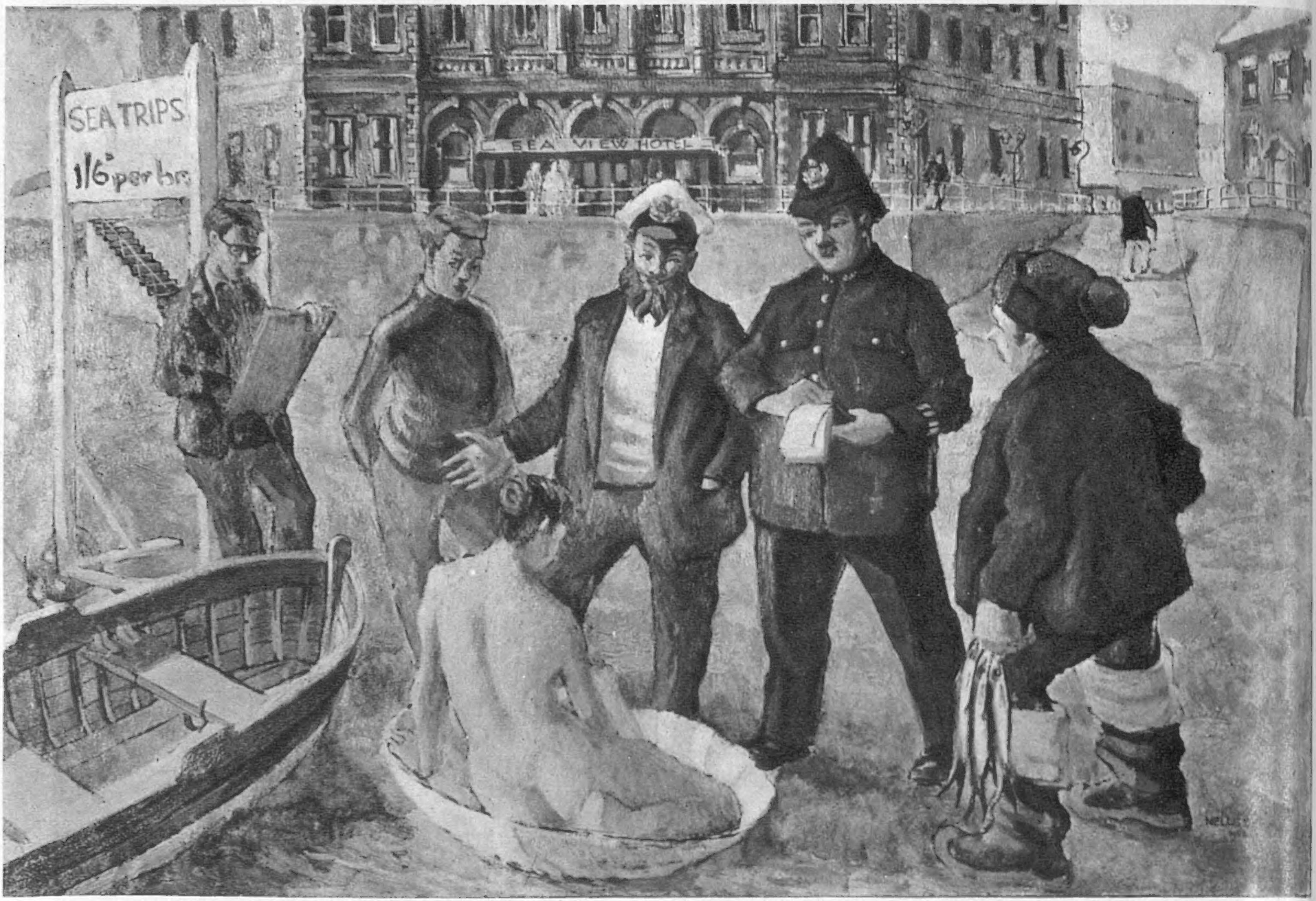
NUMBER '112' IS OUR ONLY ADDRESS. TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1952

OUR POPULAR PRINCESS

Princess Margaret has been busy with public engagements since her Scottish holiday, and our picture shows her looking as charming as always in a wonderful black tulle crinoline, and turquoise and diamond ear-rings and necklace, when she attended the Royal Film Performance at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on October 27.



"THE BIRTH OF VENUS"—John B. Nellist's conception of what might happen to the good lady if she beached herself at one of our more popular seaside resorts to-day. The painting is on view at the 65th Exhibition of the Institute of Oil Painters at the Institute's Galleries in Piccadilly until Friday, November 7. (Other paintings at the exhibition will be found on Page 434.)

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

AT the time this is written the controversy about the television filming of the Coronation ceremony is only just beginning, and it may well be that by the time you read this, some sort of compromise may have been reached. I must say that my sympathies are entirely with the anti-televisionists, and it would be interesting to know who authorised the B.B.C. to make an announcement saying that they were "disappointed" that the whole of the ceremony could not be put on the television screen.

It is time, I think, that we realised that the Coronation is not a raree-show, part of the bread and circuses which are the right of every groundling, but a solemn religious act of acceptance and dedication. For a man and a King, the service and the long day's ceremonial is physical ordeal enough. For a woman and a Queen, the physical strain is that much greater. There are, however, other and more important considerations. For somebody with the sense of duty and the strong religious convictions of Her Majesty the Queen, there must be an additional emotional strain, I believe, of the greatest possible significance. To be subjected throughout the service to the knowledge that the slightest facial or physical movement will be visible to every viewer in a way, for example, that the features of a couple being married or chief mourners at a funeral never are, would be, to my mind, an intolerable extra burden.

However, I come back to the B.B.C. The views of the Coronation Committee, and therefore, presumably, the views of Her Majesty, must have been clearly conveyed to the B.B.C. authorities. It seems to me to be no business of the B.B.C. to take the attitude towards the public of: "Of course, *we* would love to give you your lollies, but the naughty Coronation Committee won't allow us to." If I were Sir Ian Jacob, the new Director-General, or Mr. George Barnes, I would take the pants off somebody for a statement of that sort.

The Coronation Committee, in all conscience, is not going to have an easy time. There is nothing like an occasion of this sort for causing heart-burnings. Anybody who has ever been married knows that a wedding is the most fruitful source of unhappiness among maiden aunts and great-aunts, who feel they should have been invited or placed in a more important pew. Many a legacy has been lost for less!

ONE individual whom I imagine will be having a hectic time over the protocol in connection with the Diplomatic Corps is Marcus Cheke, now the Vice-Marshal of that body. Marcus, however, has a *savoir faire* which is proof against any *contretemps*. Indeed, I have no doubt it was with his usual imperturbability that he received a letter from the late Lord Lloyd when he was the Press Attaché in Portugal—a letter which, it occurs to me, I should have included in my recent collection of "pillow bites." Marcus sent him his quite excellent book entitled *Dictator of Portugal*. Lord Lloyd,

who was to my certain knowledge averaging about a sixteen-hour day at this period a few months before the war, sent off a charming acknowledgment, the carbon copy of which I saw, unhappily, too late. It thanked Marcus for sending him his "most excellent life of Dr. Salazar," which Lord Lloyd said that he had "read with the greatest interest." Alas! the *Dictator of Portugal* who was the subject of Marcus's book was not Portugal's present Prime Minister, but the Marquis of Pombal, the eighteenth-century enlightened despot. However, I am sure that Marcus Cheke knew my late beloved chief and the work he was doing at the time well enough to know that he could not really have been expected to read a line more than he already had to, and to have accepted the acknowledgment in the spirit in which it was written!

Few people in the diplomatic field can have done a better job than did Marcus during the appalling weeks before, during and after the fall of France, when it looked as though the whole Iberian Peninsula was going to fall into the hands of the Axis like a ripe plum, and when the Germans in Portugal were openly boasting that they would "take Lisbon by telephone." I happen to know, as I was sent out there on a job at the same time, which brought me in close contact with him. At that time Portugal was celebrating the "Double Centenary" of the founding and refounding of the Portuguese Kingdom in 1140 and 1640—in each case with British help. There was a solemn *Te Deum* in Lisbon Cathedral (I believe that the Cardinal Archbishop of Lisbon is the only metropolitan, with the exception of the Pope, who has the privilege of being accompanied by a fan made of ostrich feathers), to which I was bidden. For this one had to wear evening tails with a black waistcoat, so that (*a*) one looked like a head waiter, and (*b*) as one came out into the brilliant Portuguese June sunlight, a seedy one at that!

In the Aviz, where I was staying, there was a Brazilian military delegation, who were also invited. I had not realised until then that there were so many distinguished and courageous gentlemen in the world. Each member of the delegation had at least five rows of medals, and was liberally becollared with orders, besashed and bespattered with stars. There was, however, a young secretary to the delegation who had only one row of medals, one order, one star and one sash. Turning to M. Panafieu, the Chargé d'Affaires at the French Embassy, I whispered, indicating this young man: "Tiens! Nudiste!"

INCIDENTALLY, I shall always think kindly of the Portuguese for their loyalty to the Alliance during that terrible time when, seen from outside, we were quite obviously beaten. I experienced countless acts of quixotic, courageous and ostentatious pro-British feeling, which took some courage when it was known that Portugal was filled with German agents and fifth columnists. One will always remain in my memory. I travelled up to Oporto in the Presidential train of the late President Carmona with (I think) Marcus Cheke. A vendor of little button-hole flags of all nations, which were on sale in connection with the "Double Centenary," came into the café where we were and offered us a couple of swastika flags. We told him our considered opinion of them! Seeing this, two Portuguese summoned the flag vendor over to their table and bought the flags. We said to ourselves: "Typical! They see we are on the losing side, and are sucking up to the Germans." Not a bit of it. Our friends (as they became) tore the flags up, ground them to fragments under foot, stood up, raised their glasses, and said for everyone to hear: "*Viva Inghlaterra!*"

RECENTLY there have been a number of pleasant gastronomic occasions, notably Gerry Harris's small fiftieth birthday dinner-party down at the *Bell* at Aston Clinton. The little band of us who were present will remember it for Gerry's elegant nineteenth-century embroidered waistcoat, for Mr. Trevor Howard's pleasant anecdotes, and, above all, for the dinner, which made me wish that Gerry's attaining of his half-century could be a regular annual feature. The food was delicious and generally admirable, but the wines were quite superlative, starting with a Lanson '43 before dinner, then a Berncasteler Doktor Lilac Seal of that great year 1949.

We then went on to Magnums of Gruaud-Larose 1934, followed by, as dessert wines, a Neirsteiner Glock '49 (almost as fine a wine, I think, as that Schloss Böckelheimer Kupfergrube Riesling Trockenbeeren Auslese which I had at Deinhard's recently, and about which I wrote) and Lafaurie-Peyraguey '21. This latter fine white Bordeaux was a reddy-gold in colour, and still full-bodied and with a good nose. I think, however, that if we left Gerry any, he should drink it within the next twelve months, as it was just showing signs of being on the way out. This admirable meal was concluded with a Martell '04 and Denis Mounie '18—two fine brandies. So good were the various products of the juice of the grape throughout the evening, that I am prepared to guarantee there wasn't a headache in the whole party the following morning.

Another occasion was the gastronomic tour of Jermyn Street—an intelligent idea by the restaurateurs of that famous thoroughfare to draw attention to its culinary potentialities. We started at *Jules Bar* with stirrup cups, where we met a remarkable collection of Jermyn Street figures out of the past, notably that considerable early eighteenth-century figure Major Baggs, an actor who, with peruke and tricorne, seemed to be standing about 7 ft. 6 ins. From there we went to the *À La Broche* restaurant for the most admirable *hors d'œuvres* and Alsatian wine, and undoubtedly the nastiest vodka I have ever tasted. (I discovered afterwards that it came from Holland.) We moved on to the *Society* restaurant, where we had Bouillabaisse. This was quite good, though scarcely up to Mediterranean standard—which fact was underlined by the waiter, who said to me "More gravy, Sir?"—and a fine 1950 Hock which, however, it was a sin to drink so young. At the *Aperitif Grill*, preceded by our colourful trumpeter and a posse of historical characters, and under the astonished eyes of the Home Secretary and Lady Maxwell-Fyfe and Sir Walter and Lady Monckton, we ate—those of us who had any space for it—delicious woodcock and oyster pie, together with a rather young château-bottled château Talbot '45. From there we tacked back again to the *Monseigneur* for some admirable *foie gras*, and the best and most balanced wine of the evening—a Meursault Charmes '37. For those members of the party who did not know that Sydney Smith's idea of heaven was that it must be like eating *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets, the trumpeter duly sounded a fanfare. The evening was rounded off in the cellars of the *Ecu de France*, where we had vintage port, cheese, nuts and fruit. It was an amusing evening—a good idea well worked out by Mr. Ian Purvis—organised and contrived with a nice mixture of firmness and consideration which very nearly kept us up to schedule.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH"

DEAR SIR,

For the 32nd time the British Legion and its faithful supporters, the voluntary Poppy Day organisers, make a November appeal for the Haig Fund. It is the privilege of the British Legion to administer this Fund on behalf of the ex-Service community, and we are indeed proud that, mainly through the efforts of Poppy Day organisers and our 5000 local Service Committees, the administrative charges on the Fund are lower by percentage than for any other great national charity.

The selfless work of these voluntary committee-men and women throughout the year is, indeed, such an asset to the Fund that, if it were possible to make some monetary assessment of the work they do, its value would be found at least as great as the £940,000 given by the general public last year. Help and advice are given to any ex-Serviceman or near relative in need, 80 per cent. of those helped not being members of the Legion.

We are large employers of mainly disabled labour, and hosts to retired old comrades and convalescents in our Homes; we represent some 10,000 cases a year on pensions appeals; our national schemes include an interest-free loan fund which has helped 9000 families buy a home of their own and another which provides 8000

needy people with small supplementary pensions. These commitments are in addition to the money spent on local relief and the donations made to St. Dunstan's, the Officers' Association and other organisations with whom we cooperate.

In discharging its own responsibilities the Legion asks with confidence for a renewal of public faith in its work. Please remember generously on November 8th.

Yours very truly,

Maj.-Gen. Sir Richard Howard-Vyse,
K.C.M.G., D.S.O., J.P., D.L.
Chairman of the British Legion.

Above: Arriving at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the bride, Miss Virginia Ryan, is helped from her car. Her lace and tulle veil flutters in the breeze, but a little satin Juliet cap trimmed with orange blossom keeps it firmly in place.

Right: Accompanied by her father, the bride prepares to leave her Grosvenor Square home for the wedding. Her magnificent ivory satin gown had an unusually swathed and tucked bodice.

Below: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, walking ahead with the Earl of Airlie, the bridegroom's father, followed by Princess Margaret and the bride's father, Mr. John Barry Ryan, leave St. Margaret's after the ceremony.

Lord Ogilvy Marries Miss Virginia Ryan

When Lord Ogilvy, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, married Miss Virginia Ryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Barry Ryan, of Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 23, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and Major-General the Earl of Athlone were all at the wedding. The bride was given away by her father, and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, the bridegroom's brother, was best man. Lord Ogilvy, who is twenty-six, served with the Scots Guards in Germany and Malaya. He met his nineteen-year-old American bride just over two years ago.

Below: The page, Mark Tennant, peeps over the train as Lord and Lady Ogilvy leave the church. The bridesmaids included Caroline Little, Juliet Harvey, the Hon. Davina Lloyd, Arabella von Hofmannsthal and grown-up Miss Elizabeth Carew Pole and Miss Romana von Hofmannsthal.

PHENG KIM : By Adrian Allinson, R.O.I., R.B.A.

MRS. JAMES McMILLAN AND HER DAUGHTER JULIA : By Miss A. M. Burton, R.B.A.

AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE

The 65th Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, open until November 7, has provided visitors to the Institute's Galleries in Piccadilly with one of the most attractive art shows of the year. The examples reproduced here are only one facet of a many-sided collection.

DAPHNE BATHING : By W. E. Webster, V.P.R.I., R.O.I., R.P.

LINDA : By Terence Cuneo.

PATTERN WITHIN A PATTERN

Our photograph of J. D. Fergusson, an exhibition of whose work is on view at Hazlitt's Gallery, St. James's, S.W.1, until November 22, is particularly apt in so far as its double effect reflects the meticulous working out of inter-related pattern within patterns which is such a feature of this artist's work. Fergusson left Scotland about the time of the Fauve movement to paint in Paris, returned in 1939 and was made an Hon. LL.D. of Glasgow University, in 1950, the first Scottish painter to receive such an honour since James McNeill Whistler.

Generally considered by many of his younger contemporaries to be the doyen of modern Scottish painting, he has also been president of the Anglo-American group of painters in Paris and was a founder, with his wife Margaret Morris, of the new Celtic movement which combines all the arts in its activities. Examples of his work are to be found in the Luxembourg, the Tate Gallery, and in many permanent and private collections here and in France and the United States.

Photographed by Fred Daniels.

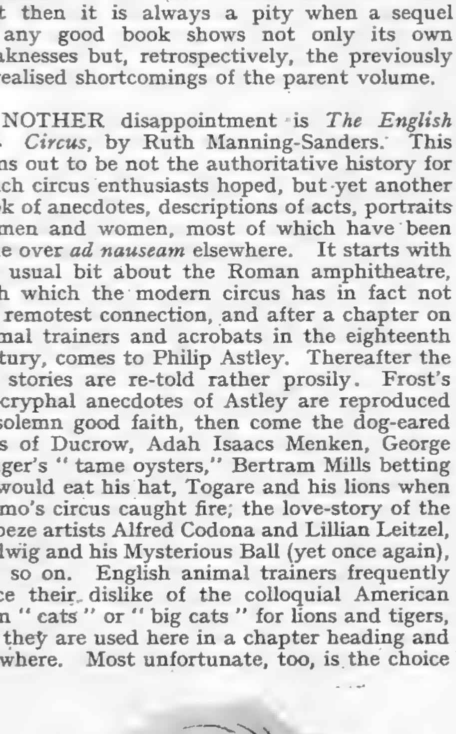
OUR BOOKSHELF

DON CAMILLO AND THE PRODIGAL SON. By Giovanni Guareschi. *(Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.)*
THE ENGLISH CIRCUS. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. *(Werner Laurie ; 21s.)*
THE TERROR OF ST. TRINIAN'S. By Timothy Shy and Ronald Searle. *(Parrish ; 8s. 6d.)*
STAGE BY STAGE. By Peter Daubeny. *(John Murray ; 16s.)*

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THOUGH it has the same qualities as its successful predecessor, *Don Camillo and the Prodigal Son*, by Giovanni Guareschi, is a disappointment, perhaps because it gives us too much of a good thing. The village priest, Don Camillo, who delighted us in the previous book by his ingenuous devoutness, his impulsively muscular Christianity, his simplicity and humour, becomes, after another thirty episodes, a trifle too charming and quaint. His adversary, the Communist Mayor Peppone, who contends with the priest and regards his faith as superstitious nonsense, yet remains a good chap at heart, has become here a mere figurehead, his opposition to Don Camillo no more than wordy mischievousness. The little world which Signor Guareschi shows us, though he tells us it is somewhere in the valley of the Po River, is in a corner of Cloud Cuckoo Land, which has been visited once too often and its native growths the Whimsy, the Pretty-Pretty and Sentimentality once too often despoiled. This is a pity, because it is a pleasant world, its people are guileless and its events varied and humorous. But then it is always a pity when a sequel to any good book shows not only its own weaknesses but, retrospectively, the previously unrealised shortcomings of the parent volume.

ANOTHER disappointment is *The English Circus*, by Ruth Manning-Sanders. This turns out to be not the authoritative history for which circus enthusiasts hoped, but yet another book of anecdotes, descriptions of acts, portraits of men and women, most of which have been gone over *ad nauseam* elsewhere. It starts with the usual bit about the Roman amphitheatre, with which the modern circus has in fact not the remotest connection, and after a chapter on animal trainers and acrobats in the eighteenth century, comes to Philip Astley. Thereafter the old stories are re-told rather prosily. Frost's apocryphal anecdotes of Astley are reproduced in solemn good faith, then come the dog-eared ones of Ducrow, Adah Isaacs Menken, George Sanger's "tame oysters," Bertram Mills betting he would eat his hat, Togare and his lions when Carmo's circus caught fire, the love-story of the trapeze artists Alfred Codona and Lillian Leitzel, Ludwig and his Mysterious Ball (yet once again), and so on. English animal trainers frequently voice their dislike of the colloquial American term "cats" or "big cats" for lions and tigers, yet they are used here in a chapter heading and elsewhere. Most unfortunate, too, is the choice of illustrations, scarcely one of which has not already been reproduced again and again. The bibliography is meagre and inaccurate. Altogether this is that seemingly impossible thing—a dull book about the circus.



BUSHY arrived at "The Sketch" office recently; he is studiously improving his mind before introducing himself formally to our readers on November 19.

A MOST difficult feat has been successfully accomplished by Mr. Timothy Shy, who has joined Mr. Ronald Searle in making a book, *The Terror of St. Trinian's*, out of the latter's demoniac schoolgirls. The authors have not been satisfied merely to produce a text to accompany the drawings, but have achieved a full-length and very full-blooded story. This tells of the handsome young Inspector from the Board of Education who stops beside Angela Menace to say: "So you're the little dish who raises all the merry hell around here?"; and is later entrapped by that young hellcat whose millionaire father is able to indulge her whims. We read of Miss Desirée Umbrage, the Head; of Miss Whiff, the Chemistry Mistress; and of Miss Athene Fridge. There is Mr. Oldfield Beaver, of the Board of Education ("'No sex life about him,' thought Miss Umbrage, much relieved," though she is to be disillusioned when his true identity is known). We read, moreover, of the seasonal sport of "debagging old Flannelpants," otherwise Miss Irksome, the Art Mistress; of Mr. Rump, whose brief Presidency at the Board of Education was such an eventful period; and of Mr. J. Willoughby ("Merger") Menace, of Croydon, whose daughter is the Queen Tomboy of St. Trinian's. The dialogue is either in the high moral style of *Eric, or Little by Little*, or in the idiom of the Chicago underworld. The book is murderously good fun, and a rotten, frightful, jolly-beastly, awful, ghastly good time is had by all.

AS a prelude to his autobiography, *Stage by Stage*, Mr. Peter Daubeny describes how he met Mr. Noël Coward in a hospital in Tripoli. He then turns to the late Hugh Walpole, to whom he wrote a fan letter at the age of thirteen and a year or two later met, finding the novelist "a great jolly red-faced farmer." His passion being for the stage, he became a student at Liverpool Repertory Theatre and a friend of Mr. William Armstrong, who told him stories of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. He cycled to the Surrey home of Graham Robertson, the author of a successful Christmas play called *Pinkie and the Fairies*. "So by the time I was seventeen," he says, "my three best friends were each old enough to be my grandfather." Then comes the war and some forcefully written North African scenes. At last, in 1945, the author was able to follow the career of his choice—that of a producer-manager. He put on two plays, *The Gay Pavilion* and *Jacobowski and the Colonel*, which had little material success, but he was now making friends in the theatre, and writes with cosy intimacy of those he admired, Mr. Alfred Lunt and Miss Lynn Fontanne, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, Miss Jane Cowl, the late Ivor Novello, Mr. A. E. Matthews, and so on. The bulk of the book, however, describes ventures successful and unsuccessful in managership, and scenes, amusing or pathetic but always memorable, among personalities of the London stage. It shows how Mr. Daubeny has come to introduce a number of ballets and individual dancers to London with financial success and gives some hint of what he may do in the future. One need not be stage-struck to enjoy this book, but it will appeal most to those who share the author's unflagging enthusiasm for the contemporary theatre and its people.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE SMALL GARDEN.
By C. E. Lucas Phillips. *(Heinemann ; 15s.)*
A book for which many amateur gardeners have been waiting for years, a full, explicit, yet uncomplicated handbook covering all the essentials of its subject.

UNDER THE SEA-WIND.
By Rachel L. Carson. *(Staples ; 12s. 6d.)*
As fascinating, almost, as *The Sea Around Us*, this book makes the life of deep waters as visible and understandable as if the ocean were a fish-tank.

BREWER'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE.
(Cassell ; 25s.)
A new and enlarged edition of one of the most essential books in the language, which, incidentally, is a "crib" for crossword-solvers.

HUNGARIAN COOKING.
By Elisabeth de Biro. *(Deutsch ; 8s. 6d.)*
The stress is on variety and economy. The author starts with nine general pointers which alone are worth the price of the book, and then goes on to her special subject, bearing in mind always our restricted resources. A most emphatic recommendation.

THE RAPE OF EUROPE.
By Gordon Sager. *(Chapman and Hall ; 12s. 6d.)*
Scenario-like novel of Venice.

DEATH IN DEEP GREEN.
By Michael Hastings. *(Methuen ; 10s. 6d.)*

MARTHA QUEST.
By Doris Lessing. *(Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.)*

BLOOD HUNT.
By Neil M. Gunn. *(Faber ; 15s.)*

Authors of To-day

III. V. S. PRITCHETT

SPENT his youth in the leather trade and then worked as a shop assistant and salesman in France for a couple of years. He spent most of the '20's in France, Spain and Ireland. His first book, describing a Spanish journey (*Marching Spain*), was written when he was twenty-eight. During the war he wrote films and pamphlets. He is on *The New Statesman and Nation*, and writes the chief literary article, called "Books in General," three or four times a month. He gave up being literary editor of that journal three years ago, in order to have more time for writing. Now he lives in a cottage on the edge of Savernake Forest with his wife and two children, and goes off every morning to work in a neighbour's house. His novels include *Nothing Like Leather* (1935), *Dead Man Leading* (1937), *Mr. Beluncle* (1951). His books of short stories are *The Spanish Virgin*, *You Make Your Own Life* (1938), *It May Never Happen* (1945).

COSMOPOLITANS IN KENSINGTON

Though—or perhaps, because—author Eric Whelpton, French-born of British parents, has travelled in thirty-five countries, he and his artist-wife Barbara Crocker make their home in Kensington. Their mews-studio off Edwardes Square is cosy, practical and delightfully furnished, with Dutch tiles at the back of the fireplace, many books; and a selection of ornaments ranging from Staffordshire figures to Oriental vases. It is far from uncompromisingly British, for the courtyard has a Mediterranean air and the vine the Whelptons cultivate bears many grapes which have—on occasion—been made into wine.

Eric Whelpton speaks French, German, Italian and some Spanish; broadcasts in quite a number of these tongues, and was for six years editor of an English paper in Italy. He served in both World Wars, though invalided out of the first as "permanently disabled." His books include *The Intimate Charm of Kensington*, *Paris To-day* and *By Italian Shores*; and his latest, *The Balearics, Majorca, Minorca, Ibiza*, has just been published by Robert Hale.

Mrs. Whelpton is not only a very successful painter, but also broadcasts and lectures.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

The Royal Diary

OCT. 18.—The Queen and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother were met by the bride's brother at the village wedding at Shipley, Sussex, of Cdr. Peter Ashmore, Extra Equerry to the Queen, to Miss Patricia Buller.

OCT. 20.—The Duke of Edinburgh opened "The Model Engineer" Exhibition at the New Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, and showed great interest in a model engine, demonstrated by engine-driver Coffin.

OCT. 21.—The Princess Royal visited Rutledge House, Sheffield, a new home for old people and one of the best in the country. She was presented with a bouquet by eighty-nine-year-old Mrs. W. Rutherford.

OCT. 21.—The Duke of Edinburgh opened a new technical annexe to the Portsmouth Municipal College, which cost over £300,000. Here he is inspecting some of the products from the catering unit of the annexe.

OCT. 22.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended the 400th anniversary celebrations of the almshouses of the St. Clement Dane's Holborn Estate Charity, and unveiled a memorial. The oldest resident gave her a bouquet.

OCT. 23.—The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, declared open the Birmingham Corporation's new dam in the Elan Valley, Radnorshire. Winifred Roberts, a local schoolchild, presented a bouquet to her Majesty.

OCT. 23.—The Duchess of Gloucester opened the new headquarters of the Worshipful Company of Fan-makers in Bishopsgate. A Free Sister of the Company, she was presented with a fan by the Master, Mr. Leslie Ross Collins.

OCT. 24.—The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, visited Shrewsbury School for the 400th anniversary celebrations. She is seen here walking round the school with the headmaster, Mr. J. M. Peterson.

OCT. 27.—Glitter and gaiety were the keynotes of the Royal Film Performance at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square. Here the Queen shakes hands with Mr. Charles Chaplin; behind her Majesty is the smiling Princess Margaret.

Notes and Pictures from Our Irish Social Diary

★ **Bridget Chetwynd during the past fortnight has been on a visit to Ireland.**

OCT. 18.—Bleak in the middle of the Curragh, which is mercifully smaller than Salisbury Plain (but with no Stonehenge), the enormous concrete stands of one of Ireland's largest racecourses let in the eager winds which race across the Atlantic. The bare concrete seems to go for long, echoing miles and reminded us of that old German film, *Metropolis*. The racing, however, was excellent and a mass of two-year-old racers and 'chasers of the future were to be seen in their thin satin coats and the fine eagerness of adolescence. The crowd watching was unusually small, but to have exposed themselves so gallantly to earache and neuralgia proved their enthusiasm.

In the longer races, the large fields wheeled round the last bend like flights of starlings; along the beautiful road from and to Dublin the rooks flew upwards from woods which most picturesquely decayed and fell.

Lord Fingall was there; Lady Caroline Blackwood and her cousin Miss Doon Plunket were the chief beauties; other people about were Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, Col. and Mrs. Denis Daly, Capt. and Mrs. Dennis Eccles, Lord and Lady Carew, Capt. and Mrs. Spencer Freeman, who have lately settled in Kildare; Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Stewart and Lord Hemphill.

OCT. 19.—Clouds crouched low on the hills, and rain, of course, but it had let up by dusk, when a very special kind of golf croquet was being played on the lawn at Rockbrook House, Lord and Lady Glenavy's lovely early Georgian house which perches above Dublin and looks across, on clear days, at the mountains of Mourne. Most warming hospitality and conversation followed: "The Lord" is a fascinating talker, packing laughs into every line and startling his tamer guests into squeaks of delighted outrage. An enormous collie dog and a tiny kitten romped round and round and in and out of the room, which is full of treasures, with several of Lady Glenavy's delightful pictures on the walls. She was away in London, but Mrs. Knight, his very amusing sister, was there; among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Childers, just back from their honeymoon. He is Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in the Dail and is toning up these services, cheering the postmen with gay new uniforms and soothing the telephone girls with dainty rest-rooms.

After supper at Rockbrook there were rousing and controversial games of canasta and bridge, with "The Lord" making witty and ribald cracks about all his guests, on whom he kept a vigilantly shrewd and watchful eye, abetted by his delightful sister. The kitten, by then replete with Irish beef, stared contemptuously out of the window at the humbler stable cats, while the collie took time off in front of the enormous fire.

It was a wrench for us, though probably a relief for our never-to-be-forgotten host, when we left him on the front steps making a final trenchant comment.

OCT. 22.—ULSTER CAMBRIDGESHIRE AT DOWN ROYAL. *Left:* Lord Bury, son and heir of Lord Albemarle, with Lady Bury, who was Lady Mairi Vane-Tempest-Stewart before her marriage. They are Joint-Masters of the East Down Foxhounds. *Right:* Miss Diana Kirkpatrick and Miss Patricia Magill, both well-known followers of the Co. Down Staghounds, were at this last meeting of the season at Down Royal.

OCT. 22.—ALSO AT THE ULSTER CAMBRIDGESHIRE. *Left:* Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, well-known owner from Co. Kildare (*left*), with Lady Jocelyn, wife of Commander Lord Jocelyn, heir to Lord Roden. *Right:* One of the Stewards at the meeting was Lord Kilmorey, here seen with his daughter, Lady Eleanor Needham, in the members' enclosure.

OCT. 22. — ULSTER CAMBRIDGESHIRE AGAIN. Commodore Charles Shillington with Mrs. Rowly Byers and Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, daughter of Lord and Lady Granville and a cousin of the Queen, watching the horses parade before the big race.

DUBLIN BLOODSTOCK SALES. Mrs. Hubert Hartigan, wife of one of Ireland's leading trainers, giving the horses shrewd scrutiny at the Ballsbridge sales.

OCT. 25. — AT PHŒNIX PARK RACES. Mr. F. V. Svejdar with his wife who is a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh. Their house is close to the racecourse.

D.

Notes and Pictures from Our Irish Social Diary

LORD AND LADY MOUNT CHARLES WITH *LEMON*. Lord Mount Charles, son and heir of Lord Conyngham, married Miss Eileen Newsam, a descendant of Sir Christopher Wren, in the spring of 1950. She is holding *Lemon*, one of their two very individual terriers. They live and farm at Slane Castle on the River Boyne, famous for its salmon, and he has just become Chairman of the Conservancy Board.

OCT. 23.—Compact and lovely, Slane Castle was built hundreds of years ago into its perfect setting of trees, hills and rivers. Arriving from Dublin our first view of it was in the dusk, from the bridge across the Boyne. Up on Slane Hill crumbles the hermitage founded by St. Erk in the fifth century, when St. Patrick outraged the Druids by lighting a bonfire before they had got theirs going across the valley at Tara, where the Kings of Ireland used to live, die and be buried with the Celtic jewellery people busily dig up.

The Conyngham family have lived in the Castle since the seventeenth century; Lord and Lady Mount Charles, son and daughter-in-law of the present Marquess, live there now with their young son Henry (Lord Slane). A special road was built over the bog from Dublin for the use of George IV., who doted on the famous Lady Conyngham of his day, to whom he gave many of the Crown jewels, which she returned when he died. Many treasures remain, including, in the round ballroom, the best Lawrence of the Monarch at his handsomest: hair in engaging fronds around his face and splendid order-bespattered clothes. The enormous bed which was reserved for him is now one of the few things in the Castle out of reach of *Puffin* and *Lemon*: two little hunt terriers of the conflicting kinds once summarised by an American as "those muddly little dawgs." These two look exactly like their names.

OCT. 24.—Lord Mount Charles, who is a very busy farmer, was a bit frayed by a fire-extinguisher salesman who, intent on proving that the existing Slane extinguishers were past their work, fired off three perfectly good ones which, of course, then had to be replaced.

Later we went over to Dunsany Castle, where the Hon. Randal Plunkett, Lord Dunsany's heir, and his wife, sister of the late Sir John Philipps and a great personality, live behind the vast, ivy-covered Gothic façade of the ancient, but much-added-to, Castle. It is full of wonderful things, including some rare Chinese Chippendale furniture, Meissen china and splendid pictures.

LORD SLANE WITH—AND WITHOUT—*PUFFIN*. At seventeen months, Lord Slane is very keen on this smart little dog.

SLANE CASTLE. There have been Conynghams at Slane Castle for something over 300 years, though there is some doubt as to the actual age of the present building. It is beautifully placed in an enormous park between the River Boyne and Slane Hill of ancient history. There is a deer park and a good deal of farm land.

Among people there were Mrs. McGillicuddy (her brother-in-law is The McGillicuddy of The Reeks) and Brigadier and Mrs. Norman, over from England. He was wearing a watch on each wrist; retired from the Coldstream Guards to his home in Kent after playing a strenuous organising part in the Victory Parade.

To Slane for dinner came Mr. and Mrs. Peter Agnew. He was an M.P. in England until the last election, at which he did not stand, retiring instead to Somerville House, in Meath. They brought Commander Drage and his younger daughter, a student at Dublin University, who were staying at Somerville: the Commander's elder daughter is a lovely member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. Like everyone else, he was thrilled by the marvellous Slane pictures and furniture, particularly in the dining-room, where family portraits have a monopoly—including two big ones of the famous Lady Conyngham, in one of which she is giving a merry child of hers a pick-a-back. Among many lovely things in the drawing-room of exquisite and unusual shape are landscapes, beautifully green; green predominates, and amongst it, dressed in aqueous green and blue chiffon, Lady Mount Charles looked like a delicious water nix.

OCT. 25.—We went to the opening meet of the Ward Union Staghounds at Ashbourne. This pack enjoys very harmless sport, not blood at all: stags selected from the Slane deer park are sequestered at the beginning of the season, and are transported in a smart little green trailer to an appointed field, where they are released, to wait for the hounds. After a neat little hunt, hounds are whipped off and the stag trots back into its trailer and is returned to the others; occasionally he shakes off the hounds and returns to the deer park.

The Master, Mr. George Malcolmson, looked very jolly in his pink coat; women who are members of the Ward Union wear yellow collars on their coats. Among people out were Mr. Paddy McCann, who hunts five days a week in the season and plays good polo in the summer; in black, the local priest—most country priests hunt; Mrs. Arthur Lanagan O'Keefe, the Master's sister, well known for her show jumping; Mrs. Harry Cronin, a sister of Mr. Dan Moore, also of Mr. Andrew Moore, who was Master of the Ward before Mr. Malcolmson; Mrs. Jeffers, Dr. Solomons, the famous gynæcologist; Mr. John Collin, embarking on his fifty-sixth year as a member of the hunt, and Miss Minna Kelly.

The field was not big, but the country looked lovely; bare, bony beech trees, patches of reclaimed and unreclaimed bog; splashes of late autumn tints just managing to cling on and a dear little patch of wasteland containing two inhabited caravans and one very large tombstone!

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

OCT. 24.—ROYAL LIFEBOAT BALL IN DUBLIN. *Left:* The Earl of Meath was at supper table with Captain and Mrs. Hughes Onslow. *Right:* Captain G. Emmet, from Kilpeddar, Co. Wicklow, with Mrs. Violet MacLachlan. The ball was held at the Gresham.

OCT. 24.—AGAIN AT THE ROYAL LIFEBOAT BALL. At two tables at least there was some serious discussion. *Left:* Sir William Basil Goulding from Enniskerry was talking to Mrs. W. Murphy of Howth; *right:* Major Sir Edmond Hodson with Mrs. Benjamin Plunkett, sister-in-law of the Countess Fitzwilliam.

OCT. 25.—THE WARD UNION OPEN THEIR SEASON AT ASHBOURNE. *Left:* Mr. George Malcolmson, just entering his fourth season as Master of this famous pack, was talking to Lady Mount Charles at the opening meet. *Centre:* Mr. Harry Cronin, from Rushbrooke, was there with Mrs. Cronin, who is a very well-known rider. *Right:* Two more well-known members of the Ward Union, Father Hugh Dunne, of Navan, Co. Meath, and Dr. Bethel Solomons.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

OCT. 14.—KILT AND KIMONO. Sir Shane Leslie, the Irish writer, found that Japanese Madame Suzuki was also wearing national costume at a Spanish Embassy reception.

OCT. 18.—HONOURED WEDDING. The Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were all there when Cdr. Peter Ashmore, married Miss Patricia Buller in Shipley, Sussex.

OCT. 20. — VATICAN VISIT. A member of the famous Vatican Swiss Guard stands to attention as Lord and Lady Ismay leave after their audience with the Pope.

OCT. 21.—AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER. Miss Jill Maureen Vos, of Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, and Mr. Simon E. S. Clarke, younger son of the M.P. for East Grinstead, were married at this fashionable church.

OCT. 17.—There is nothing like getting ready for things in plenty of time, and arrangements for the Central African Rhodes Centenary Exhibition, which opens in "darkest Africa" in June next year, are already well under way. It is hoped that Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will perform the ceremonial opening some time in July. Mr. F. L. Jonsson, general manager of the exhibition, and his wife gave a party at the Hyde Park Hotel so that some of the stars from Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, and members of the Hallé Orchestra who will be going out, could meet Col. Sir Ellis Robins, the Exhibition Chairman. Mr. K. M. Goodenough, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, Maj. H. K. Mckee, Mr. S. S. Murray and their respective wives were there. Mr. Rowland Emett, who is designing one of his fantastic trains specially for the exhibition, said it would be his and his wife's first visit to Rhodesia; if they liked it he might even contemplate getting a job on the local railway out there!

OCT. 20.—Damp and chilly people arrived out of the cold and dripping evening to mingle with sleek, shining Cadillacs and Buicks in the Albemarle Street showrooms of Lendrum and Hartman for an "Eve of the Motor Show" send-off given by Mrs. Dorothy Hartman, who is the only woman to have a stand at the show. Incidentally, she greatly prefers horses to motor-cars, and hunts with the Beaufort when she can. Lady Edith Foxwell, resplendent in mink, Mr. Anthony Berry, Lord Morris and Lord Foley were looking at the "longest car in London," a gigantic Cadillac too long to go to the show!

OCT. 21.—Trafalgar Day and, as usual, Nelson resolutely faced the pigeons on top of his lonely column, oblivious to the annual nautical celebrations going on nearly 200 feet below. The present Lord Nelson flew over specially from Ireland for the Trafalgar Fair, of which he is President, at Stanhope Gate, in aid of the British Sailors' Society. This had been very efficiently organised by a large committee, and a fairy-lit Christmas-tree was a distinct reminder that the shopping days to Christmas are numbered. Princess Marie Louise, looking remarkably fit having just come back from the country, opened the fair; her first purchase was a delicious cold roast chicken from the produce stall. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys (Chairman), with a wonderful blue chocolate-boxy bow on her hat, Lord Inverclyde, Lady (Albert) Levy, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Captain Campbell McCallum and Miss Betty Nisbet were among those who took the Princess on a general prowl round the stalls. "Splicing the Mainbrace," an infuriating kind of hoop-la over bottles put on deceivingly large stands, was presided over by Lady Victor Paget; for an extra shilling a little room full of Nelson relics got together by Commander Naish and Mr. Denys Bower could be visited, and there were all sorts of other clever and unusual ideas for persuading people to part with their money.

OCT. 21.—TRAFALGAR FAIR. The present Lord Nelson talking to thirteen-year-old Anthony Everett, a member of the Combined Cadet Corps on guard over the "Nelson Relics" at the Fair.

OCT. 24.—LIFE STILL GOES ON IN KENYA. Lady Mary Baring, wife of the Governor of Kenya, opened a fête at the Duke of York School in Nairobi. The headmaster, Mr. R. H. James, is behind her.

Later we popped into the Marlborough Galleries for the opening of an exhibition of paintings by Géricault, which included a lot of worried horses and human beings—in some cases just the remains of human beings in unfortunate circumstances. Lord Jowitt made an appeal on behalf of the Tate Gallery's Rodin Group Fund; with him was Lady Jowitt. Lady Aberconway, studying intently, and Lord Sandwich were there, also Lady Caroline Somerset, talking to Miss Laura Smith. Lady Seton-Karr admired a very happy-looking and perfectly splendid tiger.

OCT. 21.—The Downside and Ascot dance at the Dorchester was, as usual, a great success, and over 300 people gaily danced the evening away. Lady Rendel and Mr. D. Pickard were busily "fishing" for champagne before dinner; Mr. Basil Jackson, the president of the Gregorian Society, brought a large party. Others there were Sir George Rendel, Mr. Richard Stokes, Mr. John Cawston, and among the younger set Miss Rosemary Rendel, Mr. Robert de Stacpoole, Miss Marie Louise Hennessy and Mr. David Reynolds.

OCT. 23.—Everyone was saying that only the mulberry carpet ever stays the same in Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maydwell's delightful flat. Those who went to their jolly cocktail party noticed that the "décor" in the hall had been changed to deep blue gold-patterned walls, while dark red-and-white-striped curtains made the misty-green drawing-room look very cosy. Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, the hostess's parents, were talking to Mrs. Lincoln Ellsworth, widow of the well-known Polar explorer; she has a lovely castle in Switzerland. Air Marshal Sir Robert George, who is soon going out as Governor of South Australia, brought his pretty wife and daughter. Group Captain and Mrs. Douglas Bader, just back from the delights of South America, Mr. and Mrs. John Loudon, Lord and Lady Douglas, Mr. John Foster, Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchyre, Mrs. Charles Oppenheim, a singularly decorous horsewoman, Major and Mrs. Morrough O'Brien, and Lord Midleton were others enjoying the party.

OCT. 23.—For the first time since the war, Verdi's *Bal Masque* was performed at Covent Garden, and the stalwart first-night audience donned their best and turned up in force. Lord and Lady Harewood, neatly avoiding the scaffolding, came picking their way through the puddles; they sat in the stalls. In the Royal Box were the American Ambassador, Mr. Walter Gifford, and his wife—they had Lord Margesson, Lady Knollys and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rhys in their party. Lord Wakehurst, Lord and Lady Esher, Lady Sassoon, Lady Rosebery and Mr. John Christie was also there.

On November 6, Honour Earl's exhibition of portraits "Some Famous People," will, it is hoped, be opened by Lord De Lisle and Dudley, at 70, Grosvenor Street. Mrs. Earl, who is a daughter of Lord Maugham, has managed to paint lots of well-known personalities for this exhibition, which is in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the R.A.F. Association.

Lady Maxwell-Fyfe has promised to open the annual Christmas Fair, of which Mrs. Archie Parker is Chairman, in aid of the Girls' Training Corps, on November 14 and 15 at 10, Holland Park, W.11. There will be some most original side-shows, and a firework display on the Saturday evening.

OCT. 24.—IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION COMMEMORATION BALL. *Left:* Mr. T. Lamplugh, from Winchester, offers a plateful of tempting sandwiches to his partner, Miss P. A. Hill, daughter of the Rector of the College, Sir Roderic Hill. *Right:* With an imposing array of glasses before them, Mr. R. Macfie and Miss R. Weller sit down for supper.

OCT. 27.—A ROYAL PARTING. When Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands left on an official flight to Mexico, his youngest daughter, Princess Marijke (*centre*), had to be comforted by her mother and three elder sisters.

OCT. 27.—GUESTS OF HONOUR. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden were at the annual dinner of the Royal Society of St. George, at the Savoy Hotel. Here Field Marshal Lord Montgomery (President) stands between them.

OCT. 28.—MERRY-MAKING IN THE HIGHLANDS. Major N. Gillanders, R.A. (*left*), with Captain W. Yellowlees, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Yellowlees at the 51st (Highland) Division Reunion Dinner at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

CONCERNING THE CORONATION

by Cyril Butcher

AT the time of writing, the controversy raging around the televising of the Coronation ceremony has not yet been entirely resolved. But we have reason to hope that all will be well, and that this unfortunate incident will be soon forgiven and forgotten.

We say "unfortunate," because it seems to us that the ban on the live television broadcast of the actual Coronation Service was not unconnected with a prejudice against the medium, and the product of a technical unawareness—we hesitate to say "ignorance"—of the technique of Television's Outside Broadcasting.

If this may seem a harsh conclusion it is only that, having discussed the ban with responsible persons connected with the Coronation Joint Executive Committee and the B.B.C., and having read most of what has been said and reported on the subject in the Press, no other conclusion seems to make sense.

The objections can be fairly summarised under four headings: (1) The possibility of giving offence to a minority, on religious grounds; (2) the added strain on the Sovereign caused by the knowledge that millions, instead of thousands, are witnessing the ceremony; (3) the extra lighting that would be required, and the extra space that the television equipment would occupy; and (4) the fear that should untoward incidents occur, they would be visible to all viewers.

Let us consider these objections, one by one.

Frankly we do not begin to see what objection there could be on religious grounds, save that of unreasoning prejudice. The Church has over and over again stressed the need for increasing the accent on religion in television schedules. Many church services have been televised, with the happiest results.

Why then should an exception be made of the Coronation Service? It is, after all, a public service, like any other, not an under-cover initiation of some secret society. Surely only the physical limitations of Westminster Abbey prevent the admission of as many members of the public as might choose to be present. Further, it is a ceremony that affects us all deeply, irrespective of creed, so that the widest possible participation in it should be welcomed.

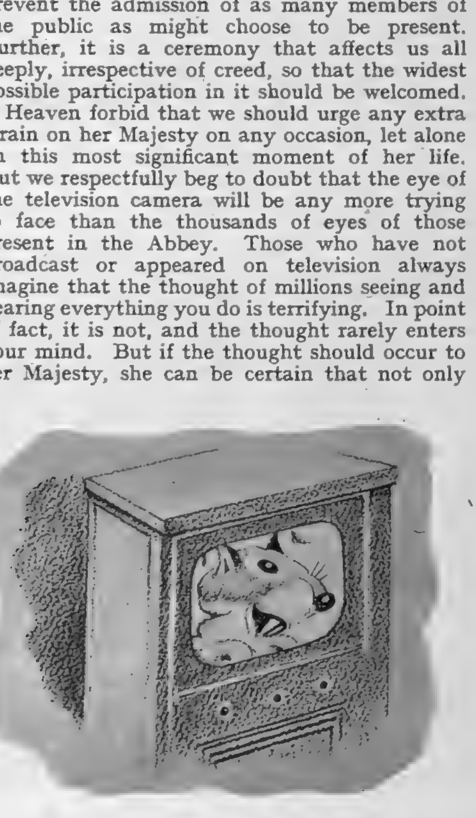
Heaven forbid that we should urge any extra strain on her Majesty on any occasion, let alone on this most significant moment of her life. But we respectfully beg to doubt that the eye of the television camera will be any more trying to face than the thousands of eyes of those present in the Abbey. Those who have not broadcast or appeared on television always imagine that the thought of millions seeing and hearing everything you do is terrifying. In point of fact, it is not, and the thought rarely enters your mind. But if the thought should occur to her Majesty, she can be certain that not only are millions of people watching her, but that in millions of hearts there is a feeling of love, admiration and respect for her, that millions of good wishes are going out to her to sustain her.

The objections about lighting and space are merely laughable to those who know about the modern television camera. The latest is even more sensitive than the modern eye and would work perfectly well with the ordinary Abbey lighting, let alone the extra light which will be necessary for the newsreel cameras. *And* such cameras to-day need a minimum of working space.

Lastly, this matter of suppressing untoward incidents. Why the objectors should fear that the occasion will be one long succession of disasters we fail to understand. In a ceremony as carefully rehearsed as the Coronation it is unlikely that anything will "gang agley" very seriously. But we do appreciate that at such a solemn moment it may happen that one of the chief participants may be overcome by emotion. It would, of course, be unnecessary and distasteful to show this. In a film, it is argued, such scenes can be *cut out* before being shown to the public. But television can be equally effectively edited by the simple process of *not showing* such scenes. It is not sufficiently known that every television shot is carefully vetted by the producer before it appears on our screens. Using three cameras, the producer always has alternative shots up his sleeve should one look like becoming unsuitable. A flick of a switch is all that is necessary.

Incidentally, this last objection is less than grateful to the B.B.C., who handled the sad sequence of events connected with the death of King George VI. with exquisite taste. Bearing this in mind, and taking into consideration the B.B.C.'s offer to prepare a "shooting script" with the more intimate moments taken in "long-shot" (it would take a paroxysm of emotion to be noticeable when figures are reduced to roughly the size of ants on the screen), surely it is not a matter of doubt but of duty to allow the many millions who are anxious to do so, to join in homage on this historic occasion.

And so we respectfully dedicate these remarks to those in whose hands the decision finally lies. May they make their decision with a full realisation of the desires of more than a third of the country's population, with a full knowledge of television's capabilities, and without a shred of the prejudice that invariably goes with any new precedent or variation of tradition to meet the needs of changing conditions.



BUSHY has an enquiring mind; is interested in new-fangled notions like Television as well as in nuts. He will take a preliminary look at readers of "The Sketch" in our next issue.

Introducing . . .

III. SYLVIA PETERS

MRS. KENNETH BUCKLEY, *née* Sylvia Lucia Petronzio (her grandfather was Italian)—or, if you insist, Sylvia Peters, has often been referred to as "The Smile." The name certainly fits her, because that gay, friendly, unaffected smile of hers is one of the welcome things about British television.

Visiting her the other day at Alexandra Palace, and chatting to her between announcements, we found her just as she seems: gay, friendly and unaffected—and not only to a visiting journalist, but to all and sundry. Everyone in the studio was obviously delighted to see her—and that's quite a tribute when it comes from people with whom you're working all the time.

She really enjoys something a little out of the ordinary. For instance, nothing could have delighted her more than when she was invited to appear as guest announcer on the French television service. She might be forgiven for finding that a little nerve-racking, for she had to make every announcement twice—for the French operate on two different line-definitions. And between one and the other she had to change her make-up to suit the foibles of the different cameras. But no, she enjoyed every moment of it.

Then you remember with what brilliant *sangfroid* she handled some of those tricky moments that kept on cropping up in the recent series of Franco-British programmes which came from Paris.

But she wouldn't like you to think that she doesn't take her job seriously. She certainly does—and with a smile.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

Events will probably prove us wrong, but at the moment the next fortnight looks as if it will be rather on the ordinary side.

Probably the most impressive programme will be the Outside Broadcast of the British Legion Festival of Remembrance, which will be televised in full. It will come from the Albert Hall and viewers no doubt will take pleasure in seeing the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, who are to be present. That is next Saturday, November 8.

The following night we are to see Emlyn Williams' tribute to the courage of Londoners during the blitz: his play, *The Morning Star*. Eric Fawcett will be producing, and in the cast are Gladys Henson, Gladys Young, Roddy Hughes and others still to be decided at the time of writing.

Apart from these, we have not been told of anything which comes under the category of a "must."

WE hope to be forgiven for allowing this vital matter to intrude upon the space usually devoted to the review of past programmes. We must restrict ourself to two—both of them plays.

The credit list for *The Dybbuk* is a formidable one. It was written by S. Ansky, translated by Henry G. Alsberg and Winifred Katzin, and adapted by Rudolph Cartier, who also produced. It is a story with nearly every ingredient of drama: black magic, spirit-possession, revenge, superstition and exorcism. Perhaps it is too full of ingredients, for while it undoubtedly frightened us, *The Dybbuk* also left us feeling unsatisfied—as if we had tasted many dishes without them adding up to a square meal. That was the fault of the author, not of the producer or cast, of whom we must single out Anthony Jacobs, Peter Wyngarde and Mark Dignam. Yvonne Mitchell, for once, failed to impress us.

Postman's Knock, by Philip King and Alan Bromly, was television's most hilarious event to date. We baulk at explaining the plot or crediting any single performance. But, my, how we laughed!

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, formerly Miss Angela Jackson, is the wife of the chairman of the Anglo-Irish Bloodstock Agency. He is one of famous Irish brothers; she one of famous pretty sisters. She and her husband live at Hermongers, Rudgwick, Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Brunner went as Boris from *Boris Godunov*—a cheerful interpretation this—and Electra from *Idomeneo*.

Mr. David Whateley took one whole opera to himself as *A Masked Ball* ; his wife was dressed as Brunnhilda.

Red Indians this time : Mr. John Morrell as Billy Jack Rabbit and Miss Annabel Hill as his squaw from *Girl from the Golden West*.

First prize for lady's costume was won by Miss Suzanne Exiner as Papagena from *The Magic Flute*. Miss Moira Shearer presented the prize.

Opera Bouffe!

I Pagliacci's "On with the Motley" was very much brought to life at the recent Opera Ball at the Royal Festival Hall, for guests were asked to come in parties, dressed to represent a complete opera if at all possible. Over a thousand people went to the ball—it was held in aid of the English Opera Group—and 80 per cent. of them were duly in operatic costume, even to a toreador (Fl. Lt. Coryton) who, to the accompaniment of excerpts from *Carmen*, fought an "operatic bull" (made up by Major Malcolm Munthe and his wife) which emitted appropriate steam and flame by means of a few "sparklers." Following the "fight," the bull gave rides to several dancers, with Lady Biddulph as Carmen providing the escort. Chairman of the ball was the Countess of Harewood ; her party portrayed *Il Seraglio*, with the Earl duly pillow-padded to represent Osmin. The dancing went on until 3 a.m. when the ball wound up with a posthorn gallop—after which the revellers found the cool of the terrace a grateful contrast to the atmosphere of the ballroom.

At the Earl of Harewood's table : *l. to r.* : the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles, the Earl of Harewood as Osmin, Mr. Erwin Stein, Mr. David Webster and the Countess of Harewood.

L. to r. : Miss Geraldine Hill as Carmen, Mr. Keith Laurence as the Count Almaviva from *Figaro*, Mrs. Eric Kverndal as Mrs. Pinkerton and Mr. Eric Kverndal as Billy Budd.

nother *Masked Ball* addict was Mr. C. Schnetzler, ho chose a colourful character from Verdi's opera; his wife chose Bizet's *Carmen*.

At 1 a.m. there was a spell from dancing with a cabaret provided by Joan Heal, Peter Ustinov and the mannequins from a model fashion house. Here are a few guests taking a well-earned rest whilst the show went on.

Hon. Gerald Lascelles took the men's first prize his strikingly realistic interpretation of Porgy *Porgy and Bess*, the current riot at the Stoll.

Not the cow with the crumpled horn, but the bull from *Carmen* comprised of Major Munthe and his wife, with Lady Biddulph (*left*) as Carmen and Fl. Lt. Coryton as the Toreador.

Some of the "cast" of *Tosca*: *l. to r.*: Mr. John Horlick, Mrs. Cyril Russell, Lady Herschell, Mrs. John Horlick, Mrs. Duncan Wauchope, Mr. Duncan Wauchope and Lord Herschell.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Caro William

(*Embassy*)

IT is an odd title; but then it is an odd household and a strange play. Not, I think, a failure, although it has had to face some stern critical cannonading; but a play in which the author, William Douglas Home, has cramped himself by his choice of a leading figure. Lady Caroline Lamb, Byron's Caroline, "little beast" or "poor Caro," whichever you like, is extraordinarily difficult to re-create in the theatre. True, in life she was "consistent in her determination to hold the centre of the stage." In the play she is at least properly capricious and self-willed; she has a habit of slashing her wrists in an emergency. But she does not take our minds. And she makes us wonder more and more, as the night goes on, why William Lamb (who after her death would become Lord Melbourne and Prime Minister) ever entered into this marriage.

The play of the young Melbourne and his circle is based upon Lord David Cecil's book. William Douglas Home has studied closely the world of the Regency and its aftermath. His first act falters in performance because—so it appears to me—he is ready to assume that we all know as much of the subject as he does. The exposition is muddling; the play moves too slowly into life. Through the night the dramatist could not coax his subject into flame—though I have no doubt that the text reads excellently—and he was not aided at the première by certain worries with scene-changing. The piece smouldered all the way when we were hoping for it to blaze. I am sure that things are far better now. The newly-furbished Embassy, in its grey and maroon, is a thoroughly attractive theatre: it has a management of taste and perception. *Caro William*, if not quite the opening flourish we had expected, is worth doing. Certainly it provokes debate, and it has offered two performances that, personally, I shall think of often.

One of them is Robert Harris's as William Lamb. Mr. Harris, ever a grave and likeable actor with one of the best voices on our stage, rarely hits upon the right part. He has been cast again and again for some stick of a fellow that he manages to transform by power of personality. William Lamb, if no stick, has not a theatrical flash; he is doomed to move in the background behind the figure of his wife, the darting, pouncing Caro. Still, Robert Harris turns him into a very real personage, "dear William" indeed. I shall remember him for a long time as he reads to the dying Caro lines from *Childe Harold* on Venice.

The other major performance, in a shorter part, is Pamela Alan's as William's sister Emily, who has an affair of her own with Palmerston, but who cannot tolerate the public show of Caroline and Byron. Miss Alan has a fine decision and clarity. At the première Daphne Arthur's smoky-voiced Caro William had more of theatre than of life, but it is a most trying character to compose upon the stage. Caro, no doubt, is much more supple in the text.

There are various other pleasures in the evening: the work of Rachel Gurney, Evelyn Roberts, Robert Shaw and Freda Gaye; the settings (Melbourne House and Brocket) of Stephen Doncaster. Some say that we should have had Byron himself. I don't think so. He has been fatal in the theatre: I am content to have him represented here by the few *Childe Harold* lines that Mr. Harris's voice transforms.

The Square Ring

(*Lyric, Hammersmith*)

"A BLOKE who gets his living honest by his fists." That line from Shaw's *The Admirable Bashville* might have looked well upon the programme of *The Square Ring*, even if we are reminded from time to time that the sentiment does not inevitably fit the ways of professional boxing. The piece is set behind the scenes in a minor stadium in the Midlands. On this Wednesday night we watch the various boxers, from heavyweight to featherweight, as they go out through the swing-doors either to conquer or to fall. It is a sanguinary business. I have never met so many bloody noses, lovely black eyes, and cauliflower ears. Across the battleground there moves, timidly and uncertainly, a play. I imagine very few people will care for the details of the plot so much as for the incidental "documentary" matter, Ralph W. Peterson's explanation of what goes on behind the ring.

Whether or not this is enough to last a playgoer through the evening must depend upon the playgoer's fancy. I find performance more absorbing than fable. Duncan Lamont sits, sombre, on a bench; Bill Owen bobs and weaves as the happiest of featherweights; George Rose lurches about, huskily defiant; John Colicos talks with the voice of a knitting-needle dipped in acid; and Liam Redmond adjusts bandages and lets his Irish accent curl around the dressing-room. You will gather that this is not a play for every market; it will have something for persons who seek the out-of-the-run, and who are glad to escape now and then from the sitting-room set and the customary repartee.

A puckish interest in the Theatre is one of many intelligent instincts which readers of "The Sketch" will recognise in BUSHY as they become better acquainted with him.

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime

(*Arts Theatre Club*)

YES, this is better. Basil Dawson and St. John Clowes have almost brought the intractable story to heel. I do not say they have managed it entirely. Never mind; the evening has a touch of Wilde himself. "You seem to be displaying signs of triviality," observes Lady Bracknell on a famous occasion; and here, happily, most of the trivialities are reasonably Wildean in manner. You will not need to be reminded again of the story; of how Lord Arthur, thanks to the error of Podgers the palmist, finds that he must commit a murder before his wedding-day. It is enough to report that the complications are inventively complicated. Indeed, I doubt whether anyone could have done more with that preposterous last scene in which a cup of poisoned tea is whipped back and forth as if in some mad three-quarter movement. Obviously, it has been hard for the authors to keep the ball in play all the evening; they have done very well in the circumstances.

David Markham is the new Lord Arthur, so the man ceases to be a Wodehouse exhibit, as at the Royal Court, and becomes recognisably human. Robert Andrews helps with the epigrams; Adrianne Allen glances in decoratively; and with Richard Goolden's short-sighted prowling as Podgers, Ivor Barnard's anxious scuttling as the chemist, and Howard Goorney's bearded bombast as the explosive Winckelhopf the play runs to farce. For me, in future, it will mean one name: Walter Hudd. He is here the butler, that sun of Belgrave Square and the most resourceful colleague any murderer could have. Always he is at hand with the poison or the infernal machine. His voice is dulcet, his bearing impeccable, his timing accurate, his tact superlative. It is a joy to watch his eye as the poisoned teacup makes its round in the last act. He seems to say (and again we have to quote Lady Bracknell), "This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd." Yes, a much better evening. All I regret from the Court is Miss Hulbert's remarkable apron.

Present and Future

JOHN Gielgud's production of *Richard the Second* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, will go into rehearsal on November 10, with Paul Scofield as Richard, Joy Parker (who is Mrs. Scofield in private life) as the Queen, Herbert Lomas as John of Gaunt, Richard Wordsworth as the Duke of York, Eric Porter as Bolingbroke, and Brewster Mason as Northumberland. Loudon Sainthill is the designer. The official first night will be on December 29; but before this the public will be able to buy seats for five previews, the first of which is on Christmas Eve.

Congreve's *The Way of the World* begins its six-weeks season on February 16, with Gielgud himself as Mirabell, Pamela Brown as Millamant (on the stage where Edith Evans had her triumph in the past), Eileen Herlie as Mrs. Marwood, Margaret Rutherford as Lady Wishfort, and Paul Scofield as Witwoud. Finally, in Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Gielgud and Scofield are to act Jaffier and Pierre, with Eileen Herlie as Belvidera.

THREE TO COME

To-night (November 5), at the St. James's, Hugh Wakefield, Sophie Stewart, Ian Hunter and Joyce Heron will appear in a thriller called *Dead Secret*, by Michael Clayton Hutton (who wrote *Power Without Glory*). To-morrow, Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare return to the Aldwych of their former glories in a Ben Travers farce, *Wild Horses*. And on Friday, the Boltons reopens, under its fourth management, with an intimate revue, *Entre Nous*, presented by Donald Monat.

CRAZY GANG

Jack Hylton's Coronation revue, *Ring Out the Bells*, is announced for November 12 at the Victoria Palace. In the cast, besides the Crazy Gang—Bud Flanagan, Jimmy Nervo, Teddy Knox, Charlie Naughton and Jimmy Gold—Valerie Tandy will have her first experience as the Gang's leading lady. Alec Shanks is the producer.

GETTING AROUND

To-day (November 5), at noon, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother lays the foundation-stone of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art's new Vanbrugh Theatre in Gower Street. . . . Laurence Payne has the leading part in *An Italian Straw Hat*, adapted from Labiche by Thomas Walton, and produced by Denis Carey, which opens on November 18 at the Old Vic. . . . Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay's new comedy-thriller, *Remains to be Seen*, comes to London shortly with Naunton Wayne, Diana Dors, and Dick Henderson, Jnr. The authors wrote the play of *Life With Father*.

"THE ROGUES' COMEDY"—The Elopement Scene: On the balconies, *left*, Franceschina (Alison Simmers); *right*, Pantalone (Alan Stevens); on stage, *left to right*: Leandro (Colin Day), Celia (Olwen Jones), Arlecchino (Derek Forbes), Spinetta (Sheila Yarwood), and the Doctor (Donald Beacon).

Bristol Students Wrote, Produced and Acted Their own Plays

"THE ROGUES' COMEDY"—The Return of the Prodigal: *Left to right*: the Doctor, Hortensia (Anne Bagshaw), Franceschina, the Captain (David Pengelly), Rosetta (Anne Porter), Celia, Leandro, Pantalone, Arlecchino and Spinetta.

"FAMILY BUSINESS"—Home for Christmas: *Left to right*: Albert Smith (James Benson), Vera (Rosemary McKechnie), Mrs. Smith (Laurette Eastman) and Lily (Brenda Young).

Bristol University's department of drama has been pursuing a line little followed previously in this country—the use of script writing as an aid to the students' understanding of the drama. The department decided on two themes before the course began: one, a serious character study involving family relationships, the other a light-hearted intrigue using the traditional *Commedia dell' Arte* characters of Pantaloon, Harlequin, Captain and Doctor. From then on, the students took over and worked out the complete plot, characterisation and dialogue, finally producing the two one-act plays, *Family Business* and *The Rogues' Comedy*, in the University Drama Studio last week. Four scenes are shown on this page.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Desmond Tripp.

"FAMILY BUSINESS"—A Present for Mum: *Left to right*: Albert Smith, Vera, Alan Mitchell (Kenneth Lowe), Lily and Mrs. Smith.

Margot Fonteyn in *Daphnis and Chloe.*

Beryl Grey
in *Donald of the Burthens.*

Anton Dolin
in *Giselle.*

BALLET ENCORE

"Many people thought that interest in ballet would wane. They were wrong. Interest in ballet and, indeed, in all forms of dancing, has, up-to-date, steadily increased and to-day ballet takes its place on an equal footing with the theatre and music in the public eye." Firm in these beliefs, photographer Baron has followed his previous book *Baron at the Ballet* with a new volume, *Baron Encore* (Collins ; 42s.), due out on November [illegible], which contains the best of his work over the last two or three years, and from which we have chosen these pictures. Its coverage is almost universal and all the leading figures of The Dance are represented. Arnold Haskell has written a thought-provoking introduction and supplied the commentary. There is to be a special limited edition of 250 copies bound in red leather and signed by the authors at five guineas.

The street scene from *The Prospect Before Us.*

Chatunni Panicker and Mrinalini Sarabhai in *The Fish Princess.*

David Blair
in *Casse Noisette.*

Pamela May
in *Symphonic Variations.*

Pas de deux: Melissa Hayden and Nicolas Magallanes.

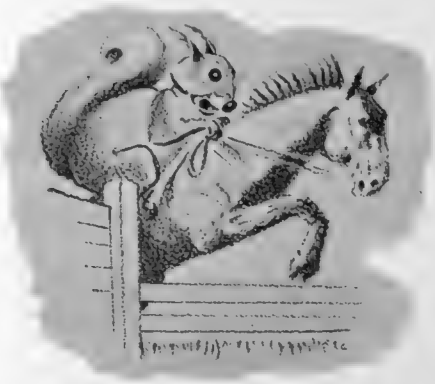
Chauviré in *Giselle.*

Spanish dancers Pilar Lopez and Alejandro Vega.

Toumanova as the Dying Swan.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

by Louis T. Stanley



Being by nature a sprightly creature, BUSHY excels at all forms of sport—one of a number of varied interests which he will share with readers of "The Sketch" after making his formal bow in our next issue.

Walker Cup Doubts

THE Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club have sent an appeal to some 2000 golf clubs in Britain and Eire for contributions towards the cost of sending a Walker Cup team to the United States next season. We are informed that the committee allocated £1200 from the Amateur Championship Fund for the last Walker Cup match, but that this time an additional sum of £4000 will be needed. A warning note hints that unless the final contribution is substantial, the series of matches between the two countries may have to be abandoned. It is now up to the club golfer to decide. It seems a lot of money for a two-day match. Much depends upon the way you view the contest. Many writers, indeed a large section of the golfing public, talk of the Walker Cup match in terms of national prestige. If that be so, then our stock is indeed low in the light of past results. Since the initial contest at Long Island in 1922, Great Britain has only won once. By any standard our record could hardly be less encouraging.

No sooner is the criterion of the scoreboard applied than the purist will protest that the result is incidental. The main thing is to see that the spirit visualised by its inaugurator, George H. Walker, former President of the U.S.G.A., is maintained. The sporting ties that exist between the two nations should be strengthened by friendly rivalry. In the scale of values this characteristic is given precedence over the result of individual matches.

That sounds all very fine. I admit, straight away, that no other international event has been so free of discordant note or incident. When you recall some of the incidents that have marred past international sporting events, we can at least be thankful for such a clean record. On the other hand, I think the value of such events can be exaggerated. The relationships between Britain and America would hardly be worsened if the fixture was shelved for reasons of economy. There is no doubt a limited amount of headline appeal about losing gracefully, if not inevitably, but it is an admiration unconsciously tinged with pity. Back-slapping of this kind over a period of years tends to become closely akin to patronising condescension. I prefer to take the forthright view that the result does matter. We nominate a team to win. If all we want are ten clubbable golfers to further our cause through conviviality rather than skill, a team of delightful individuals could be found who would readily pay £4000 to play, lose and enjoy themselves. But that is not the idea behind the contest. It is meant to be a test of golfing skill between the amateurs of the two countries.

In the light of that interpretation, the Walker Cup match has lost its significance. Top-flight amateur golf on the other side of the Atlantic is entirely different to what we have over here. If the Championship Committee decide that they can afford to send a team to Merion, Massachusetts, the odds are that we shall get an outsize beating. If anyone thinks I am being pessimistic, may I recall some of the more recent results in America: 1949 at Winged Foot—U.S.A. 10 matches, Great Britain 2 matches; 1936 at Pine Valley—U.S.A. 9 matches, Great Britain 0, three matches halved; 1932 at Brookline—U.S.A. 8 matches, Great Britain 1 match, three matches halved; 1928 at Chicago—U.S.A. 11 matches, Great Britain 1 match. The same old story time after time, and likely to remain so as long as a team of week-end amateurs take the field against a team of semi-professionals. There lies the difference. Many of the Americans are amateurs in name only. It is true that they do not receive monetary reward for their shot-making. Financially independent, they play top-class tournament golf throughout the year. An obvious example is Frank Stranahan. Here is a young American who has played tournament golf with clock-like regularity day after day for several years. There is no golfer in Britain to-day—amateur or professional—who puts so many back-breaking hours into perfecting his game. Against the cream of American professionals he has more than held his own. It is little wonder that the major amateur titles in the world of golf have been won by the Toledo player.

"Too expensive to lose these days!"

The records of our Amateur Championship provide further evidence of the gulf between British and American amateur standards. For the third year in succession and the fifth time in six years, the title has made the trip across the Atlantic. There is no need to say more. I would like to see the Walker Cup match suspended for five years. However delightful the trip might be, it is not worth expenditure on the scale indicated. It would be more sensible if the Championship Committee issued a like appeal for individual contributions to the British Golf Foundation, an admirable project undertaken by a group of well-known golfers to encourage youngsters to take up golf. The idea took shape at a meeting attended by Raymond Oppenheimer, John Langley, John Graham, Henry Cotton and Cyril Gray. Amongst other lines of development, a scheme of golf promotion in schools has been launched with considerable success; in fact, results have far exceeded expectations. Practical support for such movements will do more for amateur golf in this country than spending outsize sums of money to send a few golfers several thousands of miles merely to be beaten.

Our National Sport

I have been rebuked for saying that cricket is the national game of England. The writer maintained that the title could now be claimed by football. I do not concede the point, though I admit that kicking an inflated piece of leather is probably the most popular pastime. It has an appeal of international flavouring. Think of English-sounding Dorchester which boasts a soccer-side consisting of Blaszko, Wawzosea, Knedler, Ritz, Rawski, Wojcik, Schonfelder, Niewiadomski, Pawlowski, Kuznik and Pylkowski. I have yet to find an English cricket team with such rich-sounding names. On the other hand, Rugby football appears to have a limited appeal, at least on the other side of the Iron Curtain. I notice that *Smena*, a Soviet magazine for parents, names Rugby as a horrible sport which "maims the soul and bodies of the players." Russian parents are informed that businessmen who amassed fortunes "have started to enlist children to participate in this bestial game . . . like any other spectacle which encourages cruelty, Rugby is particularly advertised by the reactionaries, true servants of the warmongers." So now we know!

A Sensible Decision

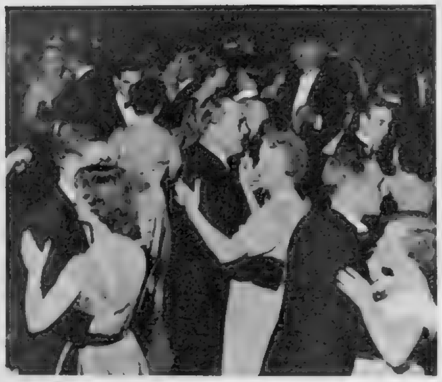
I met Ray Wilding, the Cheshire heavyweight boxer, a few hours after he had been given a thorough overhaul by a Board of Control doctor who, it appears, will recommend to the Board that, in Wilding's own interest, his licence should be suspended for a year. If that be the case, the enforced rest may work wonders. Wilding has the physique, strength and courage to go far in a weight-class that is singularly short of talent. His hopes of an early title were shattered by Aaron Wilson last June, but even then it was obvious that he had much to learn. He is still in the novice class. Unfortunately, his enthusiasm for work-outs with fighters like Lee Savold and Rocky Marciano has taken its toll. This decision will go a long way to healing any damage done, provided that he lays-off gymnasium sparring. From what he said, the next few months will see the Cheshire boxer toughening himself in some out-of-the-way mountain fastness in America by swinging an axe.

Brighter Cricket

India owes a great deal to Vinoo Mankad on the cricket field. After his performance at Lord's last summer he has now been largely responsible for India's victory in the first Test against Pakistan at New Delhi and, in the process, set up two new bowling records.

I was interested to see that for the first time in Australian cricket, a State captain has been instructed in the art of brighter cricket. Keith Miller was told by the New South Wales Executive what displeases spectators. The list frowned on such practices as too frequent drinks for players, unnecessary delay in field-placing, players flopping to the ground when wickets fall, and deliberate slowness by incoming batsmen. If such lessons are taken to heart, we look like having whirlwind cricket here next summer, particularly when we recall Len Hutton's observation that he will be disappointed if we do not win all five Tests against Australia!

Miss Crystabel Procter (*right*) has a warm handshake from Mr. T. F. Coade, headmaster of Bryanston School. Mrs. Coade stands next to her husband.

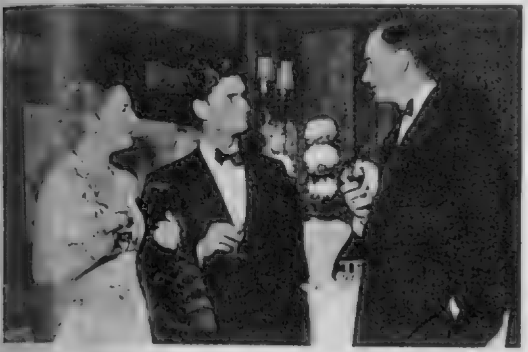


A general view of the dancing, which took place in the Empire suite at the Trocadero, London.

THE BRYANSTON SOCIETY

Memories of Blandford, Dorset, were revived in London on October 25 when members of the Old Bryanstonian Association and the Bryanston Society had a dinner and dance at the Trocadero Restaurant. It was the first meeting of the Bryanston Society which comprises Governors, members of the staff, parents of past and present pupils and old boys, and the event took place on the eve of the school's twenty-fifth anniversary—so there was quite a lot to celebrate.

From the collection of things on the table in front of him, Mr. Coade calmly extracts a guinea-pig out of a grey topper, to the amusement of everyone.

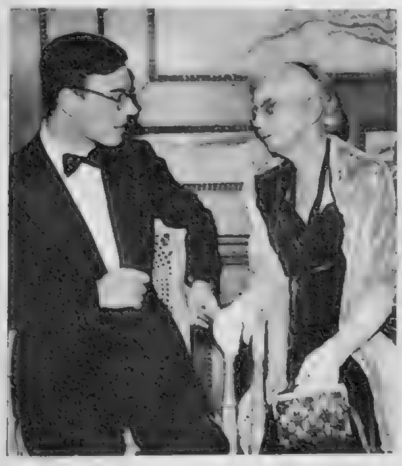


L. to r.: Mrs. Mayer, Mr. Adrian Mayer and Mr. A. R. D. Wright in serious mood—was it about the grimmer side of school life ?

Having a drink before going in to dinner are (*l. to r.*) Dr. Udall, Mr. Eric Farmer, Chairman of the Governors, Mrs. W. E. Potter and Mrs. Udall.

Mrs. L. D. Walker, who wore a very chic dress that had a South-of-France air about it, had a chat with Mr. Michael Le Sueur.

Mr. Titus Leeser (*right*), who is going to sculpt Bryanston's war memorial, with Mr. Adrian Mayer.



Mr. James France talking to Miss Procter, whose long gloves looked very smart with her dark frock.

L. to r.: Mr. T. F. Coade, Mr. Lionel Gamlin, who explained that he had spoilt his only white tie, and had therefore been forced to wear a checked one, and Major-General A. C. Duff.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL : For cheerfully accepting a "bang-on" cigar which we sincerely hope didn't subsequently bang off !

With Field Marshal Montgomery and General Ridgway apparently anticipating a pay-off, Mr. Churchill risked the gift from an "R.A.F. type" at the annual El Alamein Reunion at the Empress Hall, London.

SOUTHWAY REVELER : For showing a healthy contempt of the title : "The most beautiful cat in the world."

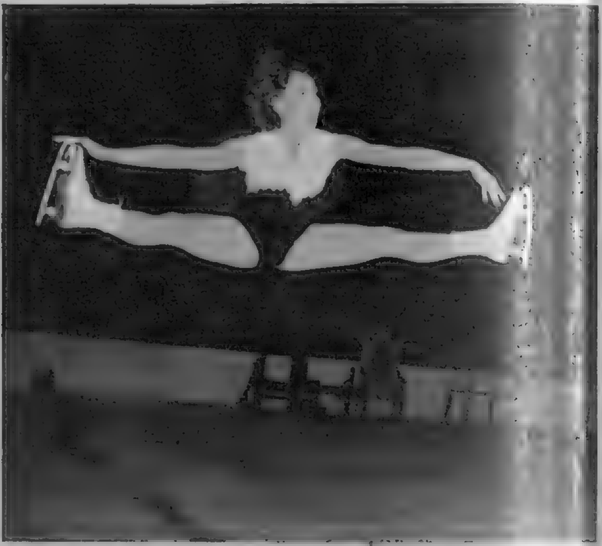
The title was earned at the Paris Cat Club's show, and Southway Reveler, a four-year-old Persian Blue born in England, obviously took a poor view of the whole business.

MR. DESMOND HEAP : For risking his fingers in the cause of legal tradition.

The risk was taken at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, at last week's Quit Rent Services, which call, *inter alia*, for the demolition of faggots by both bill-hook and hatchet. Mr. Heap, the City Solicitor, had an anxious audience.

EVELYN QUANTRILL : For being elected a Mayor at the age of twenty.

A typist in the City, blonde Evelyn was recently elected Mayor of Southend Youth Council, one of the wealthiest in the country, whose objects include attracting the young people of the town from drifting into undesirable activities.



MURIEL KAY : For introducing "Airborne" Pantomime.

When our photograph was taken, twenty-year-old Manchester-born Muriel was rehearsing her part as Principal Girl for the forthcoming production of *Jack and the Beanstalk on Ice*, at the Empress Hall.

MR. F. GUNNING : For creating a permanent collection of dumb friends in his garden.

Mr. Gunning, who lives at Chipping Sodbury, has spent fourteen years creating his home-grown privet pets, which enjoy considerable local fame in Gloucestershire.

. . . WHILE "BUSHY" TAKES HIS HAT OFF TO US.

And quite rightly so, seeing that we have provided a comfortable niche for him in the select pages of *The Sketch*. He takes up residence on November 19.

Photographed by Frederick Smith.

OFF-STAGE

The portrait of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., and the panelling make a stately background for this off-stage photograph of Florence Desmond—in private life Mrs. Charles Hughesden—with her husband and their son Michael, taken at their country home, Dunsborough Park, in Surrey. The two dogs, Rex and Max, are a very important part of the family. Florence Desmond, as a change from her usual style of impersonation, has recently been appearing in a "straight" play, *Apples of Eve*, at the Comedy Theatre, as seven different women, five of them patients in a mental home!

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Limelight

(Odeon)

IT can hardly have escaped your notice, to put it mildly, that Charlie Chaplin has arrived in London with a film called *Limelight*; about an ageing music-hall comedian with a taste for the tankard, who saves a young dancer from suicide, persuades her that the paralysis she suspects in her legs is all my eye and Betty Martin, drifts into a wistful little romance with her, and turns her into a great ballet star.

Seldom—I am inclined to say never—has a film come to town with such a beating of drums and laying down of ceremonial carpets. "Good old Charlie!" has been the cry from a thousand sympathetic throats, and at the sight of the little, silver-haired figure who remains so palpably moved by every performance of his own film, strong men and even stronger women have wept unashamedly.

Well, crying "Good old Charlie!" is all very right and proper. But in the emotion incident on the belated homecoming of a great artist, and a Londoner who seems to be having a pretty tough time of it outside his own country, there is more than a little danger that we may lose our sense of proportion. In considering *Limelight*, a film that will presently be released to suburban and provincial theatres without benefit of personal appearance or ceremony, the quality of the work itself is the only thing that matters. What should we have made of *Limelight*, I wonder, if it had come over by boat in the normal way, instead of, as it were, in Charlie's pocket? How good is *Limelight* really? To my mind, not nearly as good as it ought to be.

It should be seen, of course. (For one thing, you'll find yourself out of so many conversations if you miss it.) Like all the Chaplin films, it bears the stamp of a work conceived and executed by a single, original mind. It is essentially personal. There are things about it that one delights in remembering—Claire Bloom's morning charm, with the dew not yet off the rose; the bird's-eye shots of a theatre in full action, wonderfully exciting; the shining moments of pantomime when a twitch of Chaplin's eyebrow, the shrug of a shoulder, the shuffle of a foot, the prim pursing of the lips behind the thick moustache, convey a character in a flash, and bring back magnificent memories of old eloquence.

But, oh dear me, the mass of words! It seems as though Chaplin, once he has decided to speak freely on the screen, finds himself incapable of keeping back anything, however trite, that he has been longing to let go for more than a quarter of a century. Out the words tumble; cultured words, fancy words, silly words, high falutin' words, philosophic words, tender words; *far too many words*. Such a spate of utterance would only seem to be justified in the case of an actor whose beauty of speech would make anything sound fine. Mr. Chaplin, unfortunately, is not an actor of this kind. He speaks clearly, in good standard English, and as if he meant what he said, but his voice has only a limited range.

I came out of the theatre wondering bitterly: Why on earth couldn't the man keep quiet? Do what he may, history is going to celebrate Charlie Chaplin as the most elequent *silent* actor on the screen. The saddest thing about *Limelight*, far sadder than the clown's death on his benefit night, is the fact that the cinema's greatest pantomimist doesn't seem able to appreciate the quality that has made him great, nor rest in the knowledge that, for him, silence was, is, and always will be, golden.

L'AMOUR, MADAME—François Perier, after getting caught in an accidental shower, stands anxiously by while Arletty rings the hotel service for some dry clothes.

BUSHY, we find, is cynical about romantic screen epics, but goes into ecstasies whenever there is a revival of the Walt Disney Silly Symphonies, having much in common with the more endearing creatures of the Disneyan forests. He is keenly looking forward to the recording of his own adventures in "The Sketch."

L'Amour, Madame

(Cameo-Polytechnic)

L'Amour, Madame is a conceit, a comic trifle, which has been the hit of Paris, because it presents the unique Arletty as Herself. It is not easy to explain just what this means in terms of English cinema or theatre. Perhaps the nearest we can get is to suggest a film in which Sir Laurence Olivier, or possibly Margot Fonteyn, were to become graciously and humorously involved in the private affairs of a suburban family holidaying at Brighton.

A shy young playwright, on his way to Juan-les-Pins to stay with his silly-pretty fiancée and her people, accidentally shares a railway compartment with Arletty, who is bound for Venice and a personal appearance at a film festival. The merest courtesies pass between them, but the casual encounter is enough to set rumours flying round Juan-les-Pins that the small playwright and the great actress have been lovers. For the first time in his life, the playwright becomes an important personage in the eyes of his fiancée and their immediate circle. Suddenly, startlingly, Arletty herself appears at Juan-les-Pins for a TV performance; cool and devastatingly charming, dressed in the height of fashion, preceded by six hotel minions, besieged with telephone calls, and embowered with flowers. What will happen now to the unfortunate young man?

What happens is delightful, funny and exactly right. This is a story that has got to tell itself. The direction, by Gilles Grangier, looks so easy that one almost fails to notice its professional skill. François Perier, as the embarrassed hero, proves again what a good, adaptable comedian he is, and Arletty, in a mischievous caricature of herself, is ravishing.

The Holly and the Ivy

(Carlton)

GEORGE MORE O'FERRALL, who directed *The Holly and the Ivy*, comes to the films from television, where he was for a long time the drama department's Number One producer. Mr. O'Ferrall is not one of those technical boys who are never so happy as when they are experimenting with trick effects and concealed cameras. His *forte* is directing actors, particularly in close-up. Quite a number of celebrated players passed through his hands during those years at Alexandra Palace, but I doubt whether he ever worked with a more distinguished trio than he gets in the present picture—Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton and Celia Johnson.

I really don't see how anyone, short of a monstrous cynic, could resist the charm of this beautiful little Christmas picture. Keeping very close to the original play, it describes a family reunion at an old vicarage deep in the country. There are paper chains, a Christmas-tree, and snow, carol singers, a goose, and a nativity play; an errant daughter has come home, and a son is on leave from the Army. Everything ought to be happy, but it isn't, because the parson's children have troubles they don't dare tell their father. Father, they have always thought, must be protected.

The stay-at-home daughter (Celia Johnson) wants to get married and go to South America, but feels she mustn't leave the vicarage. The prodigal daughter would like to come home, but feels she couldn't, because "if I came back I should be playing a part all the time, and pretending to be something I wasn't." The son knows, but daren't tell, that one sister drinks out of sheer misery and loneliness, and the other sister is giving up the man she loves in order to be her father's housekeeper. Of course, it all comes out in a burst at last, and the crux of the play—Richardson is magnificent here—is the moment at which the parson, learning that the truth has always been kept from him by his children, "not for any personal thing, only because of religion"—turns on them with a passionate exposition of his faith—"Why do you think I was ordained in the first place? Do you think it was because I'm so easily shocked that I can't face realities?"

The lovable thing about *The Holly and the Ivy* is that it is consistently warm-hearted and human, without ever letting feeling spill over into sentimentality. There is a sweetness about it, but it isn't mawkish, and the subtle relationships that survive the drifting-apart of a family are shrewdly and delicately drawn.

IN THE MODELS' DRESSING-ROOM.
Gloria, Primrose, Gwen and Marie prepare for the 1938 dress show.

★

Scene:

A LONDON FASHION HOUSE

Intrigue in *haute couture* circles makes the plot of *It Started in Paradise* (Leicester Square Theatre), while Technicolor applied to the glittering fashions of the new Elizabethan age provides an irresistible appeal to women. Directed by Compton Bennett of *The Seventh Veil*, the film is being generally released on the Odeon Circuit on the 24th of this month.

★

Famous London fashion models (*l. to r.*) Ann Gunning, Susan Abrahams and Patricia Baines in three of the striking creations featured in the film.

Well down below Jermyn Street, the cellarman at the *Monseigneur* prepares to send up the orders for lunch.

The Earl of Hardwicke (*left*) with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks enjoying an aperitif before lunch.

FIRST-CLASS FOOD AND WINE
by Lucullus

III. THE MONSEIGNEUR

MORE sophisticated than the pleasant little restaurants, such as the *Petit Savoyard* and Leoni's *Quo Vadis*, to which I have drawn attention in these articles, is the *Monseigneur* in Jermyn Street, within an oyster's throw of Piccadilly Circus, run by Mr. Kenneth Hall, the survivor of the two active young Australian brothers who started Quality Inns.

The attraction of the *Monseigneur* is that the proprietor not merely believes in having good food and wines because it is good business, but does so for his own pleasure, being by no means an inconsiderable epicure in his own right.

When I lunched there with him recently we began with Fillets of Sole Royal, a dish which is most earnestly recommended to any visitor to this restaurant. Its mere description—*Fillets of Sole coated with white wine sauce, rolled and filled with lobster*—conveys no adequate idea of its quality, which is a matter for the taste buds alone. With it

André Gualdi (*right*), general manager of the *Monseigneur*, with his son Raymond, who acts as his personal assistant.

we had an excellent estate-bottled (by Ernst Jungkenn) Liebfraumilch St. Catherine '49.

We followed this with a cold roast grouse; of a tenderness which made one wonder whether there is not perhaps, after all, a barnyard version of this most active wild bird, with a lettuce and celery salad, very young new potatoes, and beans cooked in butter. We tried with it a Beaune, Les Aigrots 1946, but found this a little disappointing, switching instead to a Volnay Santenots 1947, which was much more mature and full than the year of its age would seem to warrant. With it we ate a cream cheese which was somewhere between a Camembert and a Brie at their wettest and ripest. This cheese, I gather, reaches two suppliers in London three times a week, and comes from the district of Seine (*Inférieur*) between Paris and Normandy. It contains, I am told, about 60 per cent. butterfat as compared with the average 45 per cent. of Camembert and Brie. It comes in small quantities, each cheese weighing on an average 6 ozs., and is without doubt one of the best cheeses I have ever eaten in my life.

The coffee was also remarkable for its excellence. This may perhaps be due to the machine—a miniature version of the "express" coffee pressure cooker to be found in every big Italian café, and which had been brought back to England by young Raymond Gualdi. Young Gualdi acts as personal assistant to his father, M. André Gualdi, the general manager of the *Monseigneur*—a job he took on after studying medicine for four years. (Young Gualdi apparently decided that vivisection of a chicken was preferable to the carving up of a patient !)

Ken Hall rounded off by producing brandy—a Grand Fine Champagne '37, which made a most agreeable termination to the meal.

Every rose has its occasional thorn, and if I have a criticism of this pleasant and ideally central restaurant, it is that on one occasion when I had lunch there recently, the service left something to be desired. I understand, however, that Ken Hall has the matter in hand. He is not a man to tolerate inefficiency, and no reader is likely to suffer as my party did on this one isolated occasion.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

White fuzzy wool makes this cosy jacket, 8 gns., worn over a navy polo-necked sweater, 3 gns. The amusing knitted peaked cap, 29s. 6d., and the mitts, 22s. 6d., all come from Gordon Lowe.

BOUND FOR THE SNOW?

Travel allowances can go up or down, Budgets may come and go, but the call of the snow and the sun is answered by more people every year. There is a slight difference when choosing winter sports clothes, a tendency to choose something that will also fit into a wardrobe in a gloomy, chilly country. Jackets can be snug in snow and in fog; woolly caps and gloves are gay in any country; after-ski separates can be cosy by the fire at home. Warmth, comfort and gaiety are the choice for Winter Sports in the sharp, snowy sunshine for those who go, and at home for those whose duties keep them bound within these shores.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

BOUND FOR THE SNOW?

For serious ski-ing is this ski-suit in proofed gaberdine, zipped and smooth-lined, in black or beige, £25. A peaked and flapped nylon cap in a variety of colours, £1 19s. 6d. The matching wool scarf tucked in the neck, 7s. 11d. All come from the Active Sports Department at Harrods. The ski-boots, £18 18s., and the ski-sticks, £2 7s. 6d., also come from Harrods.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

Left :
Plaid ski-jacket, belted and hooded and poplin-lined. Gay for many occasions, it is by Londonus at Finnigans, London, and Elliston and Cavell, Oxford, about £10. The skis come from Harrods, £11 5s.

Right :
For ski-ing in sunshine, Gordon Lowe, Knightsbridge, have this embroidered, proofed-poplin smock, 4 gns. The hood-scarf 25s. 6d., wool and nylon vorlagers, 6½ gns., mitten gloves, £2 5s.

Below :
Relax after ski-ing in Rima's wool-jersey separates. Tinsel embroidered sweater, £6 17s. 6d., tight-fitting trousers, £13 13s., with a grey stole. All from Fior, Burlington Gardens.

FOR THE NOT SO YOUNG

Left ;
A dignified but softly feminine cocktail dress in satin woven with leaf design, shawl collar and flared panel skirt. By Belrobe, from Hannington's, Brighton ; Roberts, Sheffield, and Susan French, Northampton.

SO many women say when reading fashion magazines, " It 's all right for these young, slim girls, but what about me ? Why does no one think about women with figures like mine ? "

These women are wrong in imagining no one thinks of them. A host of designers, manufacturers, store-buyers and managements are giving them a great deal of thought. In the past they have been neglected and had very little choice of design. Now there is a wide range for the woman who is not so young and not so slim. It is the older, slimmer woman who has a more difficult time, but there is now a movement on foot to assist her.

Similarly, a large selection of beauty preparations

I An easy jumper-suit dress in soft wool with an asymmetrical button-through top with velvet collar, cuffs and hemline. The skirt is straight. In many shades, including black, by Dorothy Rose, from Woollands, Knightsbridge, and Samuels, Manchester, price under £25.

2 A softly-tailored dress, with a fringed stole attached, comfortable and becoming in a number of colours. The button-through bodice has a plain neck. By Dorothy Rose, from Rocha, Grafton Street, and Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham, about 23½ gns.

3 Softly draped with a gracefully pleated skirt is this cocktail dress by Alexander Gordon. In black georgette, scattered with gold stars, it has the new dropped waistline and pretty sleeves. 23½ gns. from Miss Terry, Beauchamp Place.

4 Beautifully dignified is this full evening dress in black lace, bead-embroidered, over a pleated black net underskirt, all over blue taffeta. The decolletage is low, with small, becoming cap sleeves. By Alexander Gordon, 35 gns., from Miss Terry, Beauchamp Place.

I

2

AND NOT SO SLIM

are provided for the special needs of the older woman :

Eyes. To prevent crêpey eyelids and to remove a dry, dusty look, Atkinson's have brought out a creamy, colourless eyelid pomade which emphasizes the eyes as shadow does for the younger woman. Called Naturelle, it costs 3s. 6d.

Wrinkles. Older skins often tend to become under-nourished and to lose their vitality. Cyclax produce a cream for this condition—Extra Nourishing Skin Food, which will revitalise the skin and eradicate ageing lines and wrinkles. Price 12s. 6d. and 22s. 6d.

Necks. Necks are give-aways, and Dorothy Gray's Throat Cream, price 10s., will give suppleness to a not-so-youthful throat.

3

4

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

(continued)

★

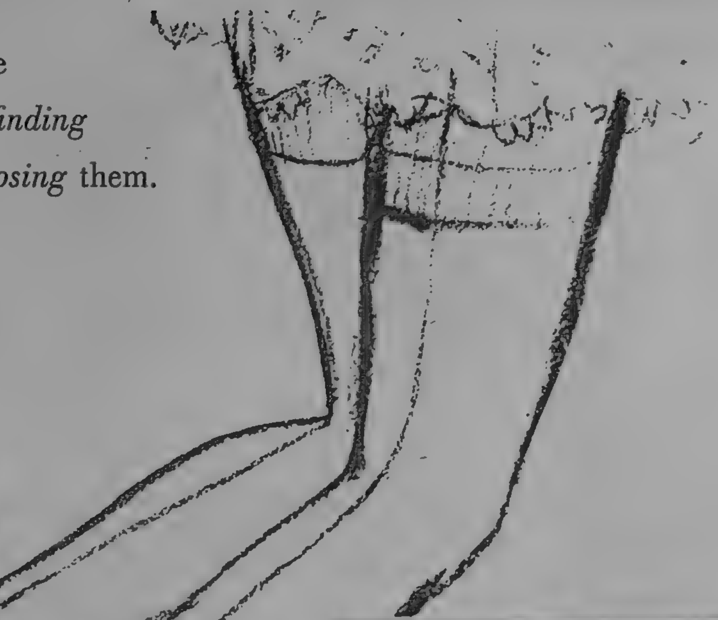
ELEGANT ECONOMY

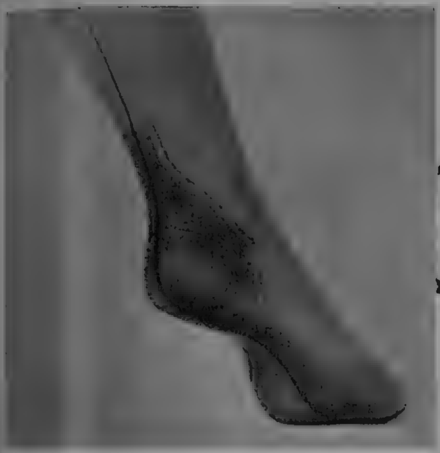
At all the couture collections this Autumn lace was news for cocktail dresses. This dress in cotton lace, over a silk slip, has the simple lines and all the flattering qualities of a more expensive model. In many shades, including grey over mauve, black over pink and purple over mauve, it has a neat, stand-up collar, button-through bodice, long sleeves and wide belt. By Brilkie, it is found at Selfridges, Dalys of Glasgow, and Schofields, Leeds, price only 6½ gns.

A refreshing change has taken place in the last twelve months—from the gentle craft of *finding* nylons to the subtler art of *choosing* them.

Nylons...

how to suit your fancy





Choosing nylons is like choosing hats—or any other accessory. There's room for choice and foible—styles to suit your fancy. For instance . . . Save a pair or two of 30 denier MESH for country-going (very 'correct' with tweeds—pretty, too, and last well). Have fun with PATTERNED nylons—15 denier mesh, lace-knit, clocks, zebra-striped or frame heels. These can dramatise a dark, formal suit, give the starkly plain dress immense sophistication

. . . helped, of course, by unfussy shoes. Experiment with SHADOW BACKS. Slimming, softly-shadowed legs and dark seams compliment legs and patterned dresses too . . . it's up to you to team them cleverly.

Try BARE-LEG nylons with your next pair of sandals. Seamless, circular knit (and set to shape), bare-leg nylons make a flattering second skin.

These are only a few ideas to inspire you. Soon we shall all know our own way with nylons . . . meantime, it's gay to explore.

NYLON SHOPGUIDE

'SPECIAL' NYLONS:
Fully fashioned. 15 denier/51, 54, 60 or 66 gauge. 15 denier, mesh or lace-knit.
Circular knit. 15 denier, plain or mesh.

'EVERYDAY' NYLONS:
Fully fashioned. 30 denier/45, 48, 51 or 54 gauge.
Circular knit. 30 denier.

'COUNTRY' NYLONS:
Fully fashioned. 30 denier mesh or lace-knit.
Circular knit. 30 denier mesh.
Circular knit nylons fit surprisingly well because, unlike other seamless stockings, they can be permanently set to shape. They are made with or without seams.

Keep this reference by you; you'll find it makes Nylon Shopping easier and Nylon Wearing all that it should be.

. . . more kinds of nylons to choose from

B Nylon S

British Nylon Spinners Limited, Pontypool, Mon.

Wines

Fine Champagnes of France

The result of traditional skill and modern production

From the moment the specially selected grapes are gathered, the production of fine French champagne is effected by a subtle combination of age-old skills with up-to-date manufacturing methods. Only in this way can the price of this great wine be maintained at a reasonable level.

Pioneers of this policy were the famous House of Mercier. And for their foresight, they have today an enviable reputation as the producers of vintage champagnes of irreproachable quality.

Unrivalled reserves

The Mercier premises at Epernay, a small quiet and picturesque town in the valley of the Marne, are the finest and most lavishly equipped in the champagne district. Here, in the light and airy fermentation cellars may lie 20,000 casks at a time. In the bottling cellars, as many as 40,000 bottles a day are received, cleaned, filled and corked. And 80 feet below the earth's surface, carved in solid chalk lie 12 miles of storage galleries, served by an electric transport system. Here is a prodigious, unrivalled reserve —millions of bottles of fine, vintage Mercier champagne.

Experts Supervise

Moving about this complex plant are the experts, skilled in the handling and production of the king of wines. They have spent their lives with champagne. Some superintend the blending of the grape juices, some the skilled operation of removing the deposit from the bottle. Others devote their skill and knowledge to the prudent buying of the finest growths of grapes of the best years. These are the harvests that go into fine champagnes such as Mercier Vintage '45.

It is this happy combination of old and new skill that is your guarantee of unsurpassed quality when you buy Mercier Champagne. It is this rigid adherence to a matchless standard of quality that has resulted in vast sales of Mercier Champagne the world over, thus enabling the price to be kept at a reasonable level.

Today, Mercier Champagne is known and appreciated by millions. You too will appreciate this great wine wherever you may drink it. Ask for it by name—Mercier '45

MERCIER *'45 Vintage Champagne*

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN EPERNAY (FRANCE)

JARVIS HALLIDAY & CO. LTD., 62 PALL MALL SW 1

Sole Agents for Great Britain

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars

The same fine quality Havana wrappers are used for both brands of cigars.

By Appointment
to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of
Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.

IN THESE DAYS when so many things have to be completed with inadequate materials — or in a hurry — it is extremely satisfying to study the Rover car. Here is tangible evidence of an attention to detail and preoccupation with finish that one might have expected to find in a more leisurely age than ours. Precision in design, craftsmanship in construction and smoothness in performance are the qualities to which the Rover car owes its good reputation.

The ROVER Seventy Five

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM ALSO DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON

CVS-170

This is the Gin for every occasion and every taste

SPECIAL DRY GIN
The gin of incomparable quality—'the heart of a good cocktail'. Bottle 33/9d. ½ bottle 17/7d. ¼ bottle 9/2d. Miniature 3/7d. U.K. only.

ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN
Delicious on its own, with tonic water or a splash of soda. Bottle 32/-. ½ bottle 16/9d. Miniature 3/5d. U.K. only.

'SHAKER' COCKTAILS
'There's no comparison'—seven appetising varieties mixed by experts and ready to serve from shaker bottles. Bottle 21/-. ½ bottle 11/3d. Miniature 2/5d. U.K. only.

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

LATE VISITORS...

Enjoy FULL-SEASON PROGRAMMES

GOLF
TENNIS
RIDING
ICE SKATING
THEATRES
CINEMAS
MUSIC
DANCING

There is no out-of-season feeling at Bournemouth—its six-mile stretch of golden sands is always thronged with happy holiday makers! Enjoying the marvellous air and sunshine. Revelling in the unequalled facilities for every kind of sport and entertainment. Filling every moment with interesting and varied experiences. In this lovely city of parks and gardens, with its background of an historic countryside, you can be sure of a glorious time whenever you plan your vacation.

Bournemouth

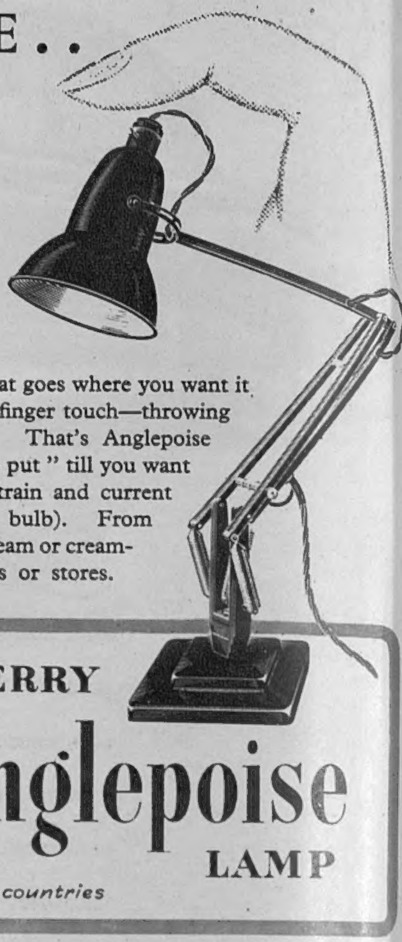
BRITAIN'S ALL-SEASONS RESORT

Write for the Bournemouth Guide enclosing 6d. (P.O. please) or Free Folder and Hotel List from Information Bureau, Room 37, Westover Road

Refreshment Car Expresses from London (Waterloo). All-Pullman "Bournemouth Belle" runs daily

ANGLEPOISE . .

flexible as your finger



An obedient lamp . . . a lamp that goes where you want it . . . when you want it . . . at a finger touch—throwing the light exactly on the spot. That's Anglepoise —of 1001 angles . . . that "stays put" till you want a new position . . . saves eyestrain and current (needs only a 25 or 40 watt bulb). From £4 19s. 6d. (inc. p.t.) in black, cream or cream-and-gold. All good electricians or stores.

SEE WHAT WE MEAN
note the angles

TERRY
Anglepoise LAMP
Regd.
Pat. all countries

Sole makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH
LONDON · MANCHESTER · BIRMINGHAM

TA21.H

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter

Here is Mediterranean living without Continental currency . . . 5 acres of gardens sloping down to your private sea frontage . . . your own tennis, squash, ballroom.
Write for brochure AV

It's a sunny-go-round at the

Imperial

TORQUAY

THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

***If your shirt's a* VANTELLA**

★ it has a Van Heusen unshrinkable neckband

★ Van Heusen semi-stiff cuffs that wear and wear

★ boneless, buttonless, always-smart Van Heusen Collars to match

All Vantella shirts are tailored coat style. Pattern card available

COTELLA LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.1

Andy ADAGES No. 41

"DO WELL—DO RIGHT"—do get a pair of ANDY Garden Gloves. Get your hands into comfort; keep them clean; keep them free from scratches and infection. Tough, pliable and washable—over and over again: remember to say—ANDY Gardening Gloves please.

THESE ARE THE GLOVES YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT.

4/11 per pair from all Ironmongers & Stores, or direct 5/2 post free. (State size)
TEDSON THORNLEY & CO. ROCHDALE

Andy Regd
GARDEN GLOVES

SELLING JEWELLERY?

HAYES *the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers offer you the following*

RECORD PRICES

£10-£5,000 for Diamond Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings.
£20-£500 Diamond Watches.
£10-£100 Solid Silver Tea-sets, Salvers, Sports Cups, Gold Cigarette-cases and Pocket Watches.

VALUATIONS BY FELLOW GEMMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

If you cannot call personally, send your parcel by Registered Post, it will be quite safe and you will receive an immediate cash Offer without obligation to sell.

M. HAYES & SONS LIMITED
106 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1   HOLborn 8177

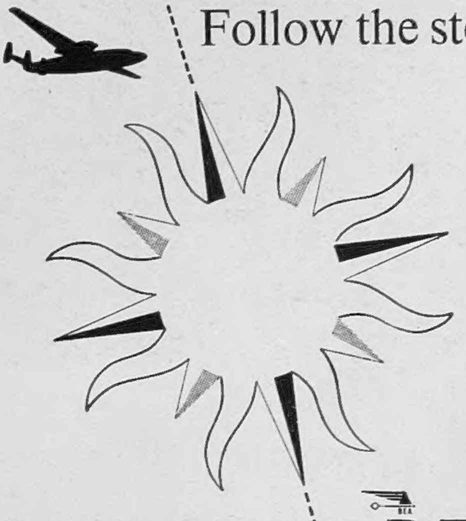
"Money talks, you know,"

began the Platitudinarian,
"if I might coin a phrase —"

"TALKING OF MONEY," interrupted the Man of Affairs, seizing the initiative, "I let Lloyds Bank look after *my* interests. My wife has a current account there, too. I have appointed Lloyds Bank as my executor. I consult them frequently — and fruitfully — on the financial aspects of overseas business. And now, my dear Sir, if you will excuse me, I must get along to the Bank — I'm going abroad in a few days and I find it always helps to have a word with Lloyds Bank before I travel. Thank you for a most informative and profitable conversation."

Let LLOYDS BANK look after *your* interests

1677



Follow the sterling sun

fly BEA

South

Here in these Mediterranean places there's no limit to the time or money you can spend under the sun. Fly there BEA. Information and bookings from your Travel Agent or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14-20 Regent Street, London S.W.1. Tel: GERrard 9833

to Gibraltar	*£66.9.0*
to Cyprus ...	*£115.0.0**
to Malta ...	*£60.0.0**
to Libya ...	*£77.8.0*

(Return fares from London)
**Valid 23 days*

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Your feet must b·r·e·a·t·h·e·
Foot perspiration is healthy
but it must escape
Only leather soles allow that.
For health and comfort there's nothing like leather
Safeguard the family's health· **ASK**
is it *REAL* Leather?

How to manage your Christmas male!

Give him Embassy Cigars this year . . . due compliment to your friend's taste . . . fit tribute to your own. These top-grade cigars with the mild Havana flavour are inspired gifts indeed.

Give him "Embassy" CIGARS this year

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. EC13D

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Best for all occasions

STATE EXPRESS 555

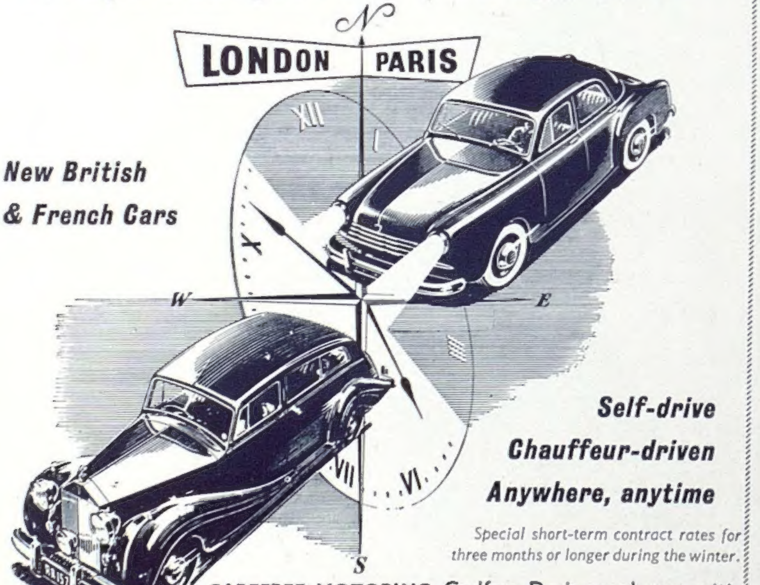
The Best Cigarettes in the World

BY APPOINTMENT
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

The House of STATE EXPRESS. 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

GODFREY DAVIS

Europe's largest Car Hire Operators



New British & French Cars

Self-drive
Chauffeur-driven
Anywhere, anytime

Special short-term contract rates for three months or longer during the winter.

CAREFREE MOTORING: Godfrey Davis supply you with only the finest cars—all serviced and maintained in top condition. For first class engine performance and constant protection, each car is lubricated with SHELL X-100 MOTOR OIL

7 ECCLESTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
TELEPHONE: SLOane 0022 Cables: Quickmilez, London
Also at Neasden Lane, London, N.W.10 (GLAdstone 6474)
and 112 North End Road, London, W.14 (FULham 6846)

S.F.L. GODFREY DAVIS
38 AVENUE de FRIEDLAND, PARIS 8e Tel: Wagram 73-49

There's a little Hennessy to suit your pocket

HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
Available in flasks of various sizes
"Is there a Hennessy in the House?"

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, November 5, 1952. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.